

220 13. R. e. L.

C L I O:
O R, A
SECRET HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE and AMOURS

Of the Late celebrated

Mrs. S---N---M. K

Written by HERSELF, *in a Letter to* HILLARIUS.

see History of Utopia T. 43. 45. II. 147.



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster-Row.* 1752.

79

W. Musgrave!

Epitaph in the N. Isle of S^t. Martin's
church, Leicester.

Underneath lies the body of
M^{rs} Martha Sansom.

relict of Arnold Sansom esq^r. and only sist^r
of Lieut^t. Col. Powke, born at Haartenfordbury
park the 1st May 1690. she was lineally des-
cended from the Powkes of Staffordshire

This stone can only tell in a few words,
what would require a history to relate of her
charity, good nature, and excellent parts.
She had by nature, what others scarce attain by
art and application; and from the age of 16.
composed several peices of poetry on different
subjects; which for their beautiful turn of
thought and strength of imagination have
not only met with the approbation, but the
admiration of the good, the learned, and the
witty. Friend whoever thou art wish
her soul at rest; who, when living, wished
well to the whole world.

Obijt 17. Feb: 1736. at 46

see Gent Mag L: 562 - II. 22

CLIO'S PICTURE.

O H! gentle *Hamond*, whilst a Brother shines,
 Immortal in thy Friendship, and thy Lines,
 Place me a Neighbour to the dear-lov'd Name,
 Nature has pair'd us, let me share his Fame.
 I ask not Lawrels, they are here resign'd,
 My Chaplet must be of a softer Kind,
 Oh! let the Bay my longing Temples bind.
 If all the Graces in his Person shine,
 Oh! think the Muses have befriended mine;
 And while their Lustre o'er my Olive' spread,
 I envy not the Shine of White and Red.
 Here let the Muse perform the Painter's Art,
 And strike the Picture of my Face and Heart.
 Poetry's call'd the Image of the Mind,
 On mine the Soul and Body both are join'd.
 Large is my Forehead made, not wondrous fair,
 But Room enough for all the Muses there.
 Full are my Eyes, and of a harmless blue,
 As if no Wound they meant, no Dart they knew.
 My Eye-brows, arching o'er, a Shade bestow,
 Veiling the Dullness of the Eye below.
 Nature, so niggard to the upper Part,
 Fell to my Lips, and gave a Dash of Art.
 Oft have I heard the faithful Lover swear,
 That Poetry and Love were shining there.
 Even and white my Teeth, but rarely shown;
 In Life I've little Cause for smiling known.
 The Loss of Friends fell on my tender Years,
 Dash'd ev'ry Hope, and turn'd my Smiles to Tears.

A gloomy Sweetness on my Features hung,
 Sorrows my Pen, and trembles on my Tongue ;
 Slow is its Speech, and with no Musick fraught,
 Wronging the Richness of my Soul's best Thought.
 But whither is my mournful Pencil stray'd ?
 My Hair, dark brown, wants not *Ducela's* Aid,
 Flows in the Wind, nor of the Comb afraid;
 Beneath my Waist in nat'ral Rings descends,
 Or pliant to the artful Finger bends,
 When it betides that Dress and I are Friends.
 Easy my Neck, but of no dazzling white,
 Veil'd by the Lawn from the enquiring Sight.
 My Shoulders fall, as Nature's self informs.
 Small are my Fingers, nor too plump my Arms ;
 To the nice Eye no Transport they afford,
 But to the Ear pressing the tender Cord.
 Then my Cares murmuring with a lower Breath,
 Drop from my Eyes, and weep themselves to Death.
 My Waist but gently by the Whale-bone bound,
 Is not a *German*, but an *English* Round.
 My Feet with no ungraceful Motion tread,
 Tho' *Isaac's* Steps are from their Mem'ry fled.
 To decent Height my Stature is inclin'd,
 Worthy the Muses and a gen'rous Mind.
 To thy kind Eyes *Clio* submits her Form,
 Whose Verse can give it ev'ry absent Charm ;
 Thou, in whom Art, and Love, and Nature shines,
 Immortalize my Picture with thy Lines.

The *Dedication* of my Heart and Life.

T O

The Monarch of all my soft Desires ;

The End of all my Wishes ;

The Inspirer of my Heart ;

The Adoration of my Soul ;

The Elevater of my Thoughts ;

The Immortalizer of my Songs ;

The Charmer of my Bosom ;

The Life of my Soul ;

The Heaven of my Repose ;

This is most fondly, most passionately,
most respectfully addressed, by

His devoted, adoring

CLIO.



*To the Inspirer of my Soul, but sweet
Disturber of it.*

OH! divine *Hillarius*, till I was inspired by your lovely Eyes, I did not imagine my Life worth my Concern. I meant to die undistinguished, and to sleep amidst the Lumber of the World. But your heavenly Beauties have warmed me with nobler Sentiments; for your sweet Sake I would be immortal: I would excell in every thing as I do in Passion for my lovely Charmer. But for Love's Sake, most Adorable, preserve me at least in your Heart; there let me live: nor am I unworthy of such a Residence, who adore you so perfectly, so respectfully, so ardently, and will do to my last Breath. I know not how soon I may in Absence or Death lose the Joy of gazing on you, and my Hand be rendered incapable of this sweet Employment. Receive therefore this Assurance from my Soul, that I will live and die filled with Adoration for you. That since the first Moment I beheld you my Heart has panted for nothing else; my Eyes and Arms have been in-

insensible of all other Pleasure, and, in Absence from you, acquainted with no Joy. I have mourn'd incessantly, while Business or Friends have engaged you too often. Oh! *Hillarius*, how have those Accidents wounded my Soul! if you were ever to blame, sure it was in afflicting me so deeply. Oh! if you have a Heart, why did it not beat with *Clio's* Anguish? why was it silent when mine was torn to death with Love and Sorrow? Oh! insensible *Hillarius*, will it be to your Glory that you have pierc'd to Death the most faithful of all Women? How will you answer it to your God, that has made you so lovely, that you have used that Beauty to make me wretched? Oh! how sweetly might it have blessed me! how might it have softened all the Misfortunes of Life, by shining on me often, and blessing me in Absence with tender Letters! Are you not afraid, oh! too assured Charmer, a Day may come, when the neglected *Clio* may return this Coldness, and transplant herself to some kinder Bosom?

To



To the for-ever-lovely Hillarius.

Guide of my Life, Inspirer of my Muse,
Sweet Patron of my Lays, thy Spirit infuse ;

I court no other's Care, no meaner Name,
But his who charms my Soul, to guard my Fame.

If *Julius* liv'd I would address to thee,
King of my Soul, and only Lord of me!

Let not the World imagine I design
To charm its Malice, or to make it mine ;
So false, so vain its Praise, I would not gain
The common Trifle with the smallest Pain.
No gaudy Title shall my Life defend,
Nor shall it but to great *Hillarius* bend.
Oh ! bright Protector, to thy Arms receive
My Life and me, then we, indeed, shall live.





S E C R E T

M E M O I R S, &c.



Had the Happiness of being born of Parents that I am as proud to own, as if they had left me fortunate and rich as they could wish. The Civil Wars deprived my Grand-Father of a very large Estate in *Staffordshire*, where our Name and Family lived and flourished ever since the Conquest. It is originally a *French* Name, and has been worn by Kings abroad and Princes here, and is still in a Way of appearing well to future Ages, in my dearest Brother, and the other Branches of it.

B

The

The Revolution was not kinder to my poor Father than the Civil Wars to his; after his Royal Master was forced to leave his Kingdoms, he laid down a very handsome Command in the Army, not being able to submit to the Tyranny of Oaths. This was an unhappy Thing for his Family, and obliged him to retire into *Staffordshire*, where my Mother had a good Jointure, and they were received with the utmost Respect. But it created Wonder, that the most polite and witty of all Men, could pass his Hours in the Country, where the Pleasures are so different from those in Town, and where the courser Senses are only entertained. Eating and Drinking are their highest Pleasures, the chief Design of Retirement is lost, which was to indulge the Soul in Learning. This way of Living makes it gross and unrefined, dead to Wit and fine Conversation. My poor Father languished in this stupid Scene some Years, far from his native Element, which was refined Love and Pleasure. Pardon, my lovely Friend, this little Digression my Pen is fallen into. And now permit me, ere I say any thing of my own Life, to give you the Pictures of
of

of those I owe it to, whose Memories are dear to me. I have already said something of my Father, but methinks not enough for one I so dutifully and passionately loved, and one I would render charming to you. Oh let me bring you acquainted. How do I anew deplore his Death, which has robbed him of your sweet Commerce, unless you will now bless him with your Regard. How would his Soul have been charmed with you who are so charming? I feel his Loss again, and shed all my Tears as if he dy'd but yesterday. He knew the World he then liv'd in, but he did not know you the only Ornament of it: Nor did I live myself till I had the Blessing of beholding you. But to finish this Pourtrait which your Beauties take me every Moment from; He was tall, graceful, and well made; his Complexion was the darkest brown, but something so sweetly commanding shone through that Gloom; I have often thought it like some lovely Evening, which charms beyond the Day. Till he was thirty he had the finest shining dark Hair in the World, long and flowing in large Curls: He had large dark Eyes

full of Love and Fire : His Lips and Teeth were beyond Description, and had something enchanting in them : His Hands were equally fine : Thus was his Form adorned by Nature, and his Soul worthy of it. He was good-natured to Excess, and the most amorous of all Mortals. Heaven had designed him for a Lover rather than a Husband. The Chains of Marriage press'd him to Death. He was well-bred and modest, and so happily assur'd he knew not the Pain of Blushing ; so lively was his Wit, he never study'd a Moment in either Writing or Speaking, yet did both to Perfection. His Address had something so powerfully charming, that even the Duke of *Marlborough* used to say, he wondered he did not ask him all things, who could refuse him nothing ; and this great Man was not famed I think for granting. My Father had been bred in his first Years in the Court of *France*, and distinguished there ; at Nineteen he returned to *England*, and was favoured by all the Gay and Witty, even by the King himself, who was *both* in Perfection. My Grandfather was Store Keeper to the *Tower*, and his Children well received

ved at Court ; 'twas there the Widow of Sir *Anthony Vincent*, a Beauty and rich, fell in Love with my Father ; she was thirty, and he not twenty ; the Shade of Years between them created much Uneasiness ; Jealousy hastened her Death ; she took with her a very large Jointure, which forced the young Widower to Marriage again. The Daughter of Col. *Codrington*, Governor of the *Leeward Islands*, was then thought one of the greatest Fortunes in *England*, she was an only Daughter, and her Father had above Ten Thousand Pounds a Year. My Father found means to board in the very School where she was, and soon married her. He was passionately fond of this Lady, for she had every Perfection. The old Governor forgave them, and received them to his Favour. He sent for them to him, where she died, and left only one Son, which the Grandfather designed to share his Estate with his own Son the witty Colonel *Codrington* ; but Death at eighteen Years robbed him of this Darling. My Father, after his Lady's Death, hastened to *England*, where he married my Mother, a handsome and rich Widow : But Love had little to do

in this Affair, though she was a very lovely Woman, and a most excellent Manager, but knew not how to charm my Father's Heart. She was devout, but could not pray herself into his Affections; but she found all things in the Heaven she address'd, and though not fondly, they lived civilly together; and what cemented them a little more was my Birth. The little Fondness I have for myself, and the tender Remembrance of the Persons I have spoke of, has perhaps detained me too long; pardon me, my heavenly Friend. And now I will speak of her you honour with your Regard, the only Pride and Blessing of her Life.

1690.

I was born the 1st of *May* some Years after the Revolution; your divine Muse has blessed that Day in the sweetest Manner; for which I shall for ever bless you; and never was any Daughter received with so much Joy. From the first Hour I was dear to my Father's Heart; and I have heard him affirm he has stolen from his most agreeable Friends to attend my Cradle; from the Moment of my Birth to his Death he placed his chief Happiness in me; my Mother
and

and he only agreed in this Point ; the Fondness he wanted for her he overpay'd me, and she had the Goodness to receive it there with Pleasure.

A Year after I was born they were blessed with my dear Brother ; but I have heard them since say, they received that Happiness but coldly. When he was very young he was insensible of this Distinction. As he throve in Beauty, he was as much my Favourite as I was my Father's ; as if my young Soul had prophesied of his future Perfections, or meant to atone for the Indifference of his Parents, I suffered every Time he was corrected, so much, that my Father in pity to me used to spare him. We ^{at Harton-} were both born in *Hertfordshire*, at a ^{Place - bury} Seat of my Uncle *Cullen's*, in the sweetest ^{Park.} Place upon Earth, the very Air seemed to breathe nothing but Love ; there sure I drew in those tender Sentiments first, which are now glowing in my Heart. Let me not appear too romantick, if I paint to you the Beauties of that Place ; if I lead you to sigh by those Streams, and to slumber in those Groves, where the God of Love might sweetly wander. The House is large,

built after the modern Manner ; the Rooms are spacious and well designed ; the Hall, which is most beautiful, is laid with Marble, and is raised to the very Top of the House ; the Gallery round it is finely adorned, with an Echo where the God of Musick would delight to warble. It was hung with the finest Instruments, and several large Christal Branches for Lights. The rest of the Rooms were equally handsome, and the Furniture very fine ; from all the Windows there is a most delightful Visto, where the Eye is sweetly entertained with a thousand Varieties, Wood and Water, flow'ry Meadows, and a very fine Park, well filled with Deer. I never saw Shades more beautifully formed than here, where Art and Nature agree so well together. Oh that I had been bless'd with your sweet Company there, that my Eyes had gazed on you with their first Light, and never parted to this Moment! The Gardens and Park descend from the House in a very agreeable Manner, and many of the Walks are entirely covered from the Sun. Here I began my Life, here I could end it.

The

The Hours of Childhood passed pleasantly over, with the continual Endearments of my Father and Mother. What encreased their Fondness was my ill Health, which seemed to require their utmost Tendernefs. They found it very hard to raife these Atoms. My Soul seemed often willing to fally from my Bosom, as if it foretold its future Agonies, and would elude them. From *Hertfordshire* we went into *Staffordshire*, after a little Stay in *London*; my Brother had been sent there before us, to my Grandmother. I cannot tell you, my divine Master, the Joy I had to find him again; I had pined for his Absence. It was in this Country my Mother became a Catholick, to the Surprize of all her Friends in Town; but I cease to wonder at it, when I remember the fine Sense of her Converters. Religion appeared in its true Beauty, in their Chapels and Conversations; tho' so young, I found myself charmed with it. My Mother indulged my Inclinations, and my Father permitted her to breed me a Catholick. I must confess I was pleased with their Devotion, though not naturally devout; I tasted a Pleasure in their

Admonitions, where Gentleness was always mixed with Devotion. I was caressed by the wisest and most religious of our Friends ; and all those who meant to endear themselves to my Father and Mother found the Way by praising me. It yielded my young Mind a Sweetness, but a fatal one ; it wakened a Vanity in me, which I have hardly yet been able to suppress, and which has led me into many Mistakes : The Homage I received then gave me a Passion for it, which will never entirely dye. I would warn those, who have the Care of Youth, against this Misfortune. Every Day I grew dearer to my Father and Mother. I devoted myself very young to Reading, but was so unhappy to choose such Books as rather diverted, than informed, my Mind. My Mother had a Closet finely furnished with the best Authors, but *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra* were my Favourites. I read there with Pleasure the Empire of Women, and doubted not of finding an *Orondates*. I could think of nothing below a King or Prince. I began from that Moment to despise the Country Gentlemen ; our Neighbours appeared Savages, and I often wonder-

wondered, my Father and Mother could endure them. This gave my Heart too exalted Notions, and has since occasioned a thousand Disappointments. The Leisure, that Reading afforded, I applied to Musick and Dancing. I had the best Masters for both, and began to excel in those Trifles by my Father's Care, who had a fine Taste in these Things. I had then an Inclination to *Latin*, and began it with my Brother, but my weak Health would not permit so many Exercises. It seemed to languish under the Oppression. My Father endeavoured to change my Studies; he sent for a *French* Woman from *London*, but I never was very fond of that Language, and had an Aversion to the *Hugonots*, which prevented my pursuing it; yet I at last wrote it and spoke it tolerably well. About this Time I apply'd myself to Writing, with greater Fondness, than any thing. I was too young for a Master, therefore I stole Copies, and by myself formed such a kind of Hand, as this. I learned in haste and secret; 'tis no wonder I am so little perfect in it. From *Cowley* and *Ovid* I collected the most tender Parts, and addressed them to my Father.

Father. He was charmed at my little Theft; he shewed them to all his Friends, and his dear Child was his continual Discourse. How, my most lovely Friend, was I pleased with his Praises! I redoubled my Care, and not a Day passed without writing him a Letter. The Prudence of my Mother grew concerned at my pursuing Trifles so much; she possibly foresaw this Humour might encrease with my Years. She locked up her Books, my Pens were burned, and I bound down a Prisoner to my Needle. This was the first Misfortune I knew. Never did romantick Lady deplore herself more than Miss *Patty*. I looked upon this as the highest Affront. I did all my Work wrong, and nothing succeeded, I undertook. I secretly mourned the Loss of my dear Pen and Ink, as if I had lamented a Lover, but I would not complain to my Father, lest he should resent it to my Mother, too severely.

My Mother addressed herself to her Father Confessor on this Occasion; he was a Man of true Piety, and of fine Sense, of a most Angelick Composition. He used to call me his little Saint, and I had for him the most religious Duty.

One

One Day, after I had ended my Confession, he gently reprov'd me: My dearest Child, says he, I both rejoice and mourn for you; you have Sense beyond your Years, and your Soul is sweetly adorned; Heaven designed it for itself. Oh let me early reclaim it from profane and loose Poets: Let me introduce you to the heavenly Company of Saints and Angels, who languish to converse with you, who are jealous of *Ovid* and *Cowley*; I must have you shine amongst them, and make my Favourite the Favourite of Heaven. He spoke this with such a divine Air, mixed with Sweetness, that my Soul burned with Devotion, a holy Shame covered my Face; on my Knees I received and thanked his heavenly Care, and from that Hour looked upon him as my Guardian Angel; my Heart sigh'd after Heaven with the same Ardour it now does for you: Nor do I find any Difference in its Passions; but that I now adore an Object I have seen. For many Years I was under this Gentleman's holy Council, and happy in it. He was a temporal as well as spiritual Friend. I deplore that I have lost him by Death or Absence; he

he was an Honour to his Profession ; he was of the Order of *Jesu*, and most truly devout. I can never remember him without Tears ; would to God I could still converse with him, to fortify my Soul against your Absence, a Misfortune most wounding to me.

We left *Staffordshire*, and returned with our whole Family to *London* ; we lodged in *Pallmall*, where an odd Adventure befel us ; I was then about nine or ten Years old ; my Books were restored to me, and I was more in Favour than ever ; I was called the Wit of the Family, and now made Secretary to my Father and Mother. I answered for them all their Letters of Compliment. I was very proud and happy in this Employment. My Father made me his Confidant, and I often dictated his Love Letters for him, and that in such a tender Manner, he had too much Success with them. I began to scribble Verses of my own, or I thought them mine. My Memory treasured up all Things. I had long Poems by Heart. I wrote Verses for my Brother against his Breakings-up, which were too much approved. I grew so vain of all this, that I would

would converse with none but People of the finest Sense. I was raised above the usual Follies of my Age. We lodged in a *French* House to improve me in that Language; the Master of it was young, handsome, vain, and a *Hugonot*; he seemed necessary to my Pleasures, and still conducted me abroad to all the Places that afforded any Entertainment, the Parks and Plays, with my Brother. I looked on him as something extremely below me; I know not why, unless from the Duty he pay'd me, and my natural Vanity. My Father had a great Confidence in him, or he would not have trusted his Treasure with him. I know not whether it was Love or Whim, but the poor Man grew very melancholy; he sighed whole Nights, neglected his Affairs, and seemed lost to himself; as to me, he no longer entertained me with Stories, but walked with the Silence of a Shadow. My Brother was his Bedfellow, and used to complain he could not sleep for his *French* Friend. We knew not what to make of this Change. I had no Notion any common Soul could be in Love; my Mother imagin'd it Religion, and lent him
the

the most composing Books of that kind; but the Illness was not in the Head so much as Heart, he still grew worse, nor had he Courage to seek any Remedy. One Night, about twelve o'Clock, we heard a very odd Noise, Groans mingled with Stampings, and loud talking, with my Name often repeated in a very distracted Manner. My poor Brother run down to my Father, and assured him, Mr. B— was gone distracted, and he believed, for his Sister. Soon after, about half a Dozen *Hugonots* ascended the Stairs in a very violent Manner, and said my *Mother* had bewitched the Man above with Popery, and *I* with Love. It was in vain to argue with these ignorant enraged Creatures. My Father thought it best to retreat to a Neighbour's, till this Storm decreased. We all went out of the House in a very disorder'd Manner, and soon after beheld the Books, my Mother had given him to read, and some little Presents, she had made him, all burnt together, which they imagined would end the Charm. It was very well we escap'd with our Lives, for it seems they had threaten'd before to murder us. From
what

what I have seen of the Madness of these People, I cannot but think the immortal *Lewis* had more than Reason to drive them from his Country.

This was the first of Love, that concerned myself, I ever heard of, and the oddest. It began in Flames, without any Fiction, and gave me a Terror for such Passions. My Father fixed in a very handsome House in *Albemarle-street*, near *St. James's*, in a very agreeable Neighbourhood: A Relation of our's, a very sickly Man, desired to finish his Days with us; he was very rich, and always affirmed, he would leave me his Fortune, having a Fondness for me from my Cradle. I looked upon him with a Gratitude and Care, I thought he deserved; he was very young, but so deaf that the rest of the Family seemed to neglect him; I often stayed out of meer Pity with him, and endeavoured to make him forget ill Health. I used to play to him on the Harpsichord, which tho' he heard but imperfectly, seemed extremely to oblige him; on his Part he grew polite and well-bred, tho' naturally morose and peevish. I was a kind of Oracle to him, and nothing pleased him
that

that any other did or said. My Innocence and Good-nature had so far engaged him, that he resolved to marry me; he proposed it to my Mother, who seemed to approve it, as Interest induced her; but my Father, who studied my Happiness in a more refined Manner, was entirely against it. He could not think of sacrificing my Youth to such Misery; nor was I less against it, for I had Pity, but no Love.

What hastened this Disagreement was a foolish Accident; I was very often permitted to go to Plays, but was still attended by some grave Person that I could neither laugh nor cry, as I pleased. One Day I was left at home to entertain my sickly Lover, who entreated me to go to the Play with him: it was *Oroonoko*, my Favourite; I knew not how to resist this Temptation, but feared being known, or possibly meeting my Father there; but against this we provided a Mask. My Heart was too innocent and young to dream of further Harm, in this, than my Father's Anger. But it happened to be a very dear Play to me; for at our Return I found my Father and Mother both enraged against me;

I was

I was most severely reprov'd ; I confess'd very innocently, where I had been, and ask'd Pardon for the first Fault : I was forgiven, but my poor Lover never was. My Father, who never loved him, now look'd on him with Aversion, and desired him to leave his House, which he did, and Life soon after, for having lost in me the only Pleasure of it, he languish'd to Death. He often sent to intreat I would see him in his Illness, but my Father would not suffer it, which was much too nice. He died, and left Twenty Thousand Pounds to entire Strangers. I lamented for this poor Gentleman, though he had little but Love to recommend him : As for the Money, it gave me no Concern : I had every thing I wish'd for in the affectionate Care of my Parents.

Thus, my heavenly Friend, ere I was fourteen, I lost my second Lover, no less unfortunate than my first ; I began to think Love an unlucky Thing, and resolv'd to preserve my Indifference, which I did some Years. One Day, as was usual, I was kneeling behind my Mother at Mass, in *Arlington - street*. My Heart was truly devout, and my
Eyes

Eyes lifted up to Heaven. I had laid down my Prayer Book for some Moments, and was much surprized when I took it up to read what was wrote with a Pencil.

[Ob heavenly Creature, look back on a poor Mortal, who dyes for you.]

I was much surprized and troubled at this Discovery. I blushed extreamly, which my Mother wondered at, who often regarded me, to keep me close to Devotion, which I still continu'd without once turning my Head. I still prayed, but in a different Manner. I entreated Heaven to defend my Heart, to keep it still to itself. When Prayers were ended, I rose with some Confusion, fearing to see the Author of the Lines I had read. But I could not help observing him from his bowing very low, and offering his Hand to lead my Mother to her Chair. I must confess my Eyes had never, till then, seen so fine a Form. He was very tall, gracefully made, and near twenty; his Face was very sweet, and all his Features perfectly beautiful; but what I observed most, as he lead my Mother, the finest fair Hair in the World, which descended
very

very low, to his Waist ; he seemed genteel and modest. After he had put my Mother in her Chair in the most respectful Manner, he offered his Hand to me. He endeavour'd to say something, but trembled so, he could not ; thus we parted. At Dinner, my Mother enquired of my Father if he knew such a Gentleman ; she described his Person and Civility : Whilst she was speaking, a young Lady, who was my Bedfellow, a Nobleman's Daughter of *Ireland*, told my Mother, she was assured the Person she spoke of was her near Relation, just arrived from *France*, where he had charmed all the Ladies. He is, says she, Sir C—B—l—n's Son of *Ireland* ; I may call him his Heir, for his eldest Brother has resolved against Marriage. I heard this Discourse with Indifference, for I had found Admiration, but no Love. Oh how different are they ? your divine Beauties have taught me to distinguish, or rather to join them together. In the Afternoon, the first thing I saw was my new Lover, who came to visit his Cousin ; we were together when he came : I had more time then to survey him, which I did with Caution, for I
saw

saw and pity'd his Disorder; which I have found since is the Symptom of a sincere Passion. He spoke but little, yet what he said was tender and respectful. He begged Pardon for the Liberty he took in the Morning of Writing. He laid the Fault on Love; nothing could be more polite or charming than this Lover, yet was my Heart insensible to him. I felt neither Pride nor Pleasure in the Conquest. I retired, as soon as Civility allowed, to my darling Books; I own his Beauties and his Love deserved a better Fate. He often visited his Relation, who still pleaded warmly for him, and often, by some Art or other, brought us together. My Mother was not displeased, this Gentleman being a Catholick. My Father had his Pleasures abroad; so we passed the Moments very agreeably. I was pleased, though not charmed: He used to bring with him a Relation to entertain my Bed-fellow: He was a very agreeable Man, and had something of a pleasing Sadness, which more engaged me of the two. I imagined I liked him most, but it was truer much, that I was in Love with neither. My Lover used to complain
of

of my Coldness in a Manner, that would have warmed any other ; but my Hour of Love was not yet arrived. He had a very sweet Voice, and used to be ever singing some tender Song of his own making. One Day, as we were sitting in an Arbour in a neighbouring Garden, or rather he was kneeling at my Feet, he sweetly sighed in Musick,

I.

*O lovely Maid, whom I adore,
I sadly prophesy,
When this poor Victim is no more,
Who dyes, who dyes for thee,
Thy Eyes will kinder Looks impart
To some ungrateful careless Heart.*

2.

*Oh if the Dead can suffer Pain
What Torment will it be !
'Twill force me into Life again,
Again to dye for thee ;
But first to pierce the faithless Breast,
Who wounds my Ashes, and thy sacred Rest.*

My Soul found something very moving in these Words, and returned them
ex-

24 *Secret Memoirs, &c.*

extempore, if I can remember, in this
Manner :

1.

*Oh generous Youth, what can I give
To Tendernefs, like thine !
Ah ! on some gentler Bosom live,
Till Love has waken'd mine.
I see thy Merit and approve,
Be kind, and call my Friendship Love.*

2.

*Let it suffice thy tender Heart
And pass for a Return,
That it confesses thy Desert,
And may hereafter burn..
Thy Sighs and Tears may happy prove,
And charm my Pity into Love.*

Wou'd to God it may, my Angel,
he cry'd, wou'd to God it may. As he
lifted up his Face (which was all charm-
ing) I saw it covered with Tears. My
Soul was touched with real Pity, and I
have often wondered, Love did not en-
ter it that tender Moment ; and much
more am I amazed now, when I recol-
lect Mr. B—— was not unlike my hea-
venly Charmer, neither in Shape nor
Air.

Air. He was something taller ; but I must own, 'till I beheld you, I had never seen any thing so lovely. Pardon, me, my adorable Friend, if I break every Moment from my Life to speak of you, who are dearer to me. Oh, you have more than enough revenged my Indifference.

But to return to my unhappy Lover. We parted that Evening : Some Weeks after, he was press'd by his Relations to leave *England*, where he was only meant to make a little Tour. He told me of this with the utmost Sadness, and anew implored my Pity, that I wou'd suffer him to offer himself to my Father. I could not think of this, I resolv'd to see the World ere I fetter'd myself. I intreated him therefore to leave me to Time, and promis'd I wou'd receive no other whilst he was single. With a breaking Heart he prepared to be gone ; when we parted he was dress'd in deep Mourning, which added to the Beauties of his Face ; a sort of Languishment was there which pleaded for him, and I must own I never saw him so handsome ; the Concern he was in was more moving than Eloquence. After a thousand Sighs instead of Words,

C

he

he look'd me a most tender Adieu. I felt some little Sorrow, but soon forgot it, my Books amus'd me; he wrote often from *Ireland*, but I found it easier to refuse his Letters than himself; I continually sent him such Answers, intreating him to obey his Friends, that at last he married a good Fortune, and an agreeable Lady, but not to his Taste; for not long after his Health declin'd, and he dy'd in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty, the Desire of all Hearts but mine. His Memory is much dearer to me than his Person was, and I often weep over it to this Moment; 'tis possible his sweet Shadow will accept my Tears after Death, and I offer them sincerely, if you permit them, my sacred Friend. Oh! that it was possible you lov'd me enough to be jealous of this Tribute, how happy should I be!

Thus, heav'nly Guardian of my Soul, I lost my third Lover. My Stars were very whimsical. A greater Misfortune succeeded this; my poor Mother dy'd, and left me amidst a thousand Temptations; shelter'd by her Piety and Care, I was safe; with Shame I confess, I felt this Loss in every thing ere I truly sorrow'd

sorrow'd for it ; my Heart was fondest of my Father, and saw no Danger while he was left to bless me ; but this Blow even removed me from his Wing.

In losing the best Wife in the World he lost her Jointure, on which was his chief Dependance. My Brother was in the Army, though a School-Boy. The Number of Masters I had grew expensive, as indeed House-keeping did ; therefore he gave it over, and was once more persuaded to go into the Army, where he had yet very good Interest. His chief Care was to place me well, in whom his only Happiness was center'd. An old Lady, a Friend of my Mother's, desired the Care of me ; she had three Daughters older than I, who, my Father hop'd, were wiser too. I lived there some Months, but found a mighty Reverse in my Fortune; the old Lady was artful as a Serpent, she had been a Beauty, and remained a Coquet, at least, for her Daughters. Half the young Fools in Town rendezvouz'd there, we danc'd, play'd at Cards, and the young Ladies went to Church, but 'twas for Lovers.

My Religion bore me another way, which I yet preserved, though not de-

fired by my Mother in her Illness, she left my Soul to its own Way. The good Father, I some time ago mention'd, still bless'd me with his Advice, which preserv'd me amidst the Follies of this House; nor was this the only Mark of his Care, he press'd my Father to settle some Fortune on me, which my Mother had not Time to do; he was eternally of Service to me, and came to *London* on Purpose; if his Eyes should by any Chance see this little Book, I intreat him to receive my everlasting Acknowledgments; but I fear Heaven has call'd his sweet Soul thither; may it still watch over me!

I continued with these Ladies, till I found both my Character and Money in some Danger; the House was ever haunted by a sort of Men I had, till then, been a Stranger to; the old Lady meant to catch Fools for her Daughters. I was abounding in all sorts of fine Cloaths, which were laid by till my Mourning was out; but my fair Friends, without my Leave, adorned themselves every Day in them. I was ashamed to take Notice of this, and bore it good a while,
till

till I had no farther Reason to complain, for all my fine Laces were worn out. It was Time then, I thought, to remove, which I did, by my Father's Orders, to a Relation's in *Devonshire-street*. The few Things I had of Value remaining, the Ladies were so good to take out of my Cabinet, which made it light of Carriage. Forgive me that I mention these Trifles, never any one lost them with less Concern. In this Place the Scene was intirely alter'd, I liv'd in very good Order, but not happily, the Gentlewoman of the House, though a Cousin-German, was no Friend.

I had very little Liberty, and began to mourn the want of it; I had no agreeable Friend to converse with, and few Books; in fine, I was a kind of half Prisoner. I durst not again complain to my Father, but wrote a Letter to the young Lady, who liv'd with us at *St. James's*; there I lamented myself, and painted my good Cousins in proper Colours; this I did only to amuse myself. In the Letter I happened to call my Father old Gentleman, they imagining this Word wou'd ruin me with him, the Letter was seiz'd and open'd, and delivered

livered to him. His Tenderneſs often brought him to ſee me, and one Day, to my vaſt Confuſion, he ſhew'd me this Letter. Never did I know the Paſſion of Shame before, I trembled and turn'd pale, and was ſinking down.

My Father, who was divinely tender, pity'd my Concern, and gently reprov'd me for calling him old, a Thing his Gaiety hated; I begg'd Pardon a thouſand times, he as often forgave me: What a Pain it is to offend thoſe that love us? I cou'd leſs forgive myſelf that fooliſh Word, than my Father could. The reſt of the Letter he approv'd, and from that Moment remov'd me from my good Relation's, who I have never convers'd with ſince; they knew my Father was at that Time ſetting all he cou'd upon me, and they meant to prevent it. This was the firſt Malice I met with in the World, and moſt unnatural from my own Family.

My Father convey'd me to a Niece of his own, a very lovely good-natur'd Perſon, who had liv'd with us ſome time when my Mother dy'd. I was very happy in her Friendſhip, and nothing could be more delightful than
the

the Place we liv'd in. Our Garden look'd over *Spring-Garden*, where we could, unseen, see all the Company, and after the Company of a Night was retir'd, there we us'd to walk : A thousand Birds attended us with their Musick ; my whole Time was pass'd in Reading. Here I had Time to indulge that favourite Passion again, more than ever. My Cousin's Closet afforded very entertaining Books, which were left her by our Grand-mother, who was a Wonder of her Kind.

I liv'd here as my Soul could wish, without the least Grief, but in the Distance of my darling Brother, who was then in *Ireland*.

We were sitting one Evening by the Water's-Side, to which our Garden descended, when a little Boat pass'd by us with a full large Sail, attended by another Boat without any. Two Gentlemen saluted us as they went by, and toasted our Health : The String of the Sail was ty'd to the Boat, and a sudden Gust of Wind overturn'd it. The poor Gentlemen were swimming in the Water, but I believe so unus'd to that Exercise, that if our Cries had not call'd

the Neighbours to their Aid, they would have been lost with the Surprise; and incommoded by their Cloaths, they were taken out of the *Thames*; and, our House being nearest, we offer'd them to repose themselves there; the Watermen, who were very well dipp'd too, bore them along.

They were put into Bed, and refresh'd with warm Wine; when a little recover'd, they desir'd to see the Ladies that had been so compassionate to them. They paid us their Thanks in a very handsome Manner; and soon after I found the Elder of the Two had been Physician to my Mother: My Cofin perfectly remembered him again. He seem'd to apply his Thanks and Discourse to her, as the other did to me. From that Time our Acquaintance began. The Physician's Friend was about two and twenty: He had something in his Face and Mein agreeably tender, but nothing fine or graceful.

The Danger I had seen him in, recommended him more than his Person: And I found a kind of Compassion for him more than I had been sensible of before; 'tis possible he had Art enough
to

to discern this. His Friend had told him who I was, that my Family and Fortune would be the raising of his ; that he would use his Interest with my Cousin, whose Care I was under. They often renewed their Visits, and at last we saw them every Evening : Solitude, and seeing them often, inspired us with something like Love. My poor Cousin at last grew fondly in love with her Doctor, who was indeed a more engaging Man than the other. Her Lover, and she, still join'd in praising mine. He was a young Merchant, and his Family, and Education, but mean. I saw something servile in him, which my proud Heart could ill reconcile itself to ; but Art and Time season'd this Dislike. He was artful in studying proper Diversions for my Youth. He was ever making Balls, of which I was the Queen, the Hours and I danced on with little Consideration. I lik'd the new Pleasures he every Day found for me, much more than the Man ; he rather grew useful to me than charming : He was ever inventing little Journeys to amuse me. He shew'd us *Windsor*, and *Hampton-Court*, and all the fine Buildings about Town.

34 *Secret Memoirs, &c.*

All this pleas'd me extreamly, as it was new to me. At last, my Lover thought himself so well in my Favour, that he propos'd Marriage : I started at the Name ; 'twas a State I ever abhor'd from the uneasy Life my Father and Mother led. I told him my Aversion, which appear'd to grieve him extreamly. He had a good deal of Cunning, but not much of Honour.

Soon after my Father was alarm'd with the News of this Lover. He was proud, and could not bear the Thoughts of receiving him into his Family. He talk'd to me about him ; I very innocently and sincerely told him every thing. With Tears he intreated me to see him no more, to have better Hopes for myself. He told me he design'd me for a Nephew of his own, who he expected every Day from Sea : A Man of Sense and Honour, suited to my Soul, who was rising in the World. I listen'd to my Father as I would to Heaven, I assur'd him I would obey him while I liv'd, and that I would break off this Affair. When my Lover came next, I receiv'd him very coldly, and told him I must obey my Father. He seem'd
to

to weep, and after imploring, in vain, a Reverse of his Fate, we parted, and I thought for ever.

The next Day the Relation my Father had spoke of, returned to *England*, and soon after desired Leave to be in the same House with us, where my Grandmother had brought him up, with the young Lady I liv'd with. I had not seen my Cousin many Years; his Sense and Manners were improv'd very much: He was far from handsome, yet he appear'd very agreeable to me. He became a most passionate and tender Lover; his Sentiments were more refin'd than any I had yet heard. We convers'd eternally together, nor were ever parted a Moment. He retir'd from his Friends and Business to give himself up intirely to Love. Living together gives a Tendernefs, I know not how to define: It supplies a thousand Charms: The Lover may improve the soft Moments to his Advantage. He watches the tender Motions of the Heart, and succeeds more in a Month, than the distant Lover in an Age. The little Time we were together I found it so: My Heart soften'd
at

at his Tears, and return'd his Vows. He was perpetually studying to engage me : I saw nothing of the World but himself, and he took Care to conceal me from it. He made my Solitude so pleasing to me, that indeed I had no Wishes beyond it. What made him dearer to me, was the Fear of losing him soon, and to a thousand Dangers : These Fears create Love. I was happy that there was no Probability of marrying him soon, that would have been more sensible than parting with him for ever ; so averse was I still to Marriage.

My Merchant was dead to my Memory ; my Cousin had defac'd him there : He had represented him in such Colours, that I despis'd, or rather forgot him. My Cousin was now oblig'd to go to Sea again ; I was tenderly concern'd to part with him : It was the first real Grief I had tasted. My poor Lover was carried on board half dead with Sorrow ; it was certain he left his very Soul behind him, and to this Moment passionately loves me. Could he have staid longer with me, he had establish'd himself in my Heart, but Youth and
other

other Objects wore off those Impressions.

As soon as he was gone, my Merchant returned ; but I would neither receive his Letters nor Visits. But after my Cousin left me, my Father was alarm'd, by some busy Friends, that I might relapse into my former Inclinations ; they advis'd him to hurry me into a Boarding-School, to be severely guarded. This was offering a Violence to his own Heart, which lov'd my Happiness.

He plac'd me under the Care of an old Governess, who had formerly been one to King *William's* Queen. He desired I might be treated with Indulgence : He did not design I should be tormented with the foolish Learning of the School, which he knew I was above. Behold me, my ever charming Conqueror, in close Captivity ! far from my dearest Friends, from my sweet Books, and beloved Retirement ; I who had been Mistress of myself, ador'd by three Lovers, and a Kind of Wit, to be thus debas'd ! I must say it was the wrongest Thing my Father ever did, and was near leading me to my

my Ruin. It is the worst Education upon Earth, no fine Mind can endure it. I speak with warmth against this, who have felt the Misery of it. I was intirely out of my Element: I now look back with Tears on my late lost Liberty. I wrote my Complaints on all the Windows!

Dear Liberty! O take me to thy Arms!

I pine to Death again to taste thy Charms!

But even in this Place I possess'd one Happiness, which was the Conversation of Miss H ——— d, a Lady of much Wit and Merit, something elder than I. We there began a Friendship, that, I hope, will last with my Life. We us'd to agree in playing our old Matron a thousand Tricks, till she grew weary of us.

It was now my Trafficker appear'd again: As I have said, he had low Cunning, he knew how to intrap us, as the Traders call it, tho' not to charm. He rightly judg'd Confinement might sink my Spirits to him. He wrote the most humble, fawning Letters: He had brib'd all the Servants to deliver them, and us'd to pass whole Days, walking in *Hyde-Park*, with folded Arms (our Windows look'd in there) where I every Day

Day saw my Lover. He appeared then very differently in my Eyes; every thing he did had some Beauty; I forgot his mean Fear: in fine, I grew to like him, having nothing else to like; where I only saw Trees, old Women, and little Girls, he appear'd very lovely; Marriage itself was not then so abhor'd, and I resolv'd to release myself at any Rate. He begg'd Leave to write to my Father, and to wait on him, which I now permitted. He fell at my Father's Feet, and implor'd his Permission to see his Daughter, on whom his Life and Happiness depended. My Father's Heart was mov'd with Pity, and the Humility of the Man; he permitted him to see me once a Month, on Condition he would not press me to marry, without his Consent. In this Time he behav'd so well, he won to his Party even my Governess, who now pleaded for him, much more than my Heart, which was often weary of him, and languish'd to find something of greater Merit. He had not Sense enough to discern this, and thought himself secure of me. How dull are the Souls of common Men! My Gover-

X
A^o 1706
Governess, who wish'd me gone extremely, seem'd to hasten this Affair. My Father therefore, at last, consented, but very heavily, I was remov'd into the *Strand* to buy Cloaths for this fine Wedding. How was I pleas'd to find myself at Liberty? 'Twas that I only wanted. But my Merchant is now trying to out-wit himself: He imagin'd, if he seem'd to retire, my Father would add to my Fortune, rather than lose him. Never was Wretch more mistaken. He told his Design to me; I was not displeas'd with it; hoping it would break off this dull Affair. I therefore acquainted my Father, that the Merchant seem'd willing to defer his Marriage a little while, till his Fortune was more worthy of me, and hop'd this would oblige him, it having been once his own Desire.

I knew very well how this would work on my Father's Soul: He mus'd some Moments, and then said, Yes, my dear Child, I will defer this Marriage——But it shall be for ever. And I now command you on my Blessing, never more to see that mean-spirited Villain: I see this is a Trick, and I hope

X she was then about 16 years old

hope it will make you think justly of yourself, and him : Thank Heaven, which has so early deliver'd you from Meanness and Misery.

I promis'd my Father never more to receive him, to return his Letters, and to despise him : which I did. Never was miserable Creature more disappointed ! never was there a happier Resolve for me than this ! From that Moment all things went wrong with him ; his Credit sunk, and after some Years, vainly endeavouring to regain me, he married a very good Woman, and a Fortune, which both left him. He fail'd three Times, and became more unhappy than I wish'd. It is not six Months ago, since I was forc'd myself to relieve him, being reduc'd to a Garret, and to want all Necessaries of Life, but what he receiv'd from my Hand.

Thus, my most Adorable, I escap'd this Danger. My Father was cur'd of all his Fears, went into the Country to his Regiment, and left me Mistress of myself in Town. I pass'd the Hours very gaily : I liv'd with a young Lady, agreeable to my own Humour. Every

Mo-

*Ms. Heywood calls this young man a Merchant
and says that the match was broken off by one of her
sisters, to whom she had already been liberal of her
own, producing her letters acknowledging all that
passed between them.*

Moment was diverted with something new : I had Lovers, but such as did not disturb me, nor indeed please me much. Amongst these, I had a Cousin-German, a Man of Fortune, who had liv'd some Years in the Country ; he now came to Town, and was charm'd with his new Cousin, but he was far from my Taste : The Man of Pleasure, and the 'Squire, were awkwardly blended together, and he was marry'd to a peevish Beauty, who despis'd him ; all this disgusted me : his Presents, his Letters, and Person was refus'd. In fine, he had not the Art of Charming, which he wonder'd at.

Permit me to leave myself a Moment, to give you a little History of my Cousin's Lady, which will present you with a true Picture of the Pair : This is not likely to be seen by any but your heavenly Eyes, or I should spare the Follies of my Relations.

His Lady was a Man of Quality's Daughter, and was, besides being a Beauty, a very good Fortune. She was address'd by all the best Estates in the Country, but none pleas'd her so well as my unmeritorious Cousin. His Face
was

was fair, his Cheeks rosy, and fashion'd more to carry off any thing, than a fair Lady ; but this was nothing.

The God of Whimsy, not of Love, resolv'd their Union ; she leap'd from a Window into my Cousin's Arms, who convey'd his fair Prize to *London*, where she was the Admiration of the Town, a little while, but it grew weary of her, as did her Husband, who began to languish for new Beauties. He left his Lady to sigh alone, but Chance took pity on her. In the same House, an old *Irish* Gentleman lodg'd, who had been a Man of Pleasure, and was still gallant : He took Compassion on this fair Victim, and us'd to amuse her Hours. The Husband was well contented, and pass'd away his Time as Wine and Youth directed.

But one Evening returning early home, he was much surprized to find his Wife abroad, nor could he hear where she was gone. He inquir'd for his Friend to comfort him, but found they were both flown together. After passing some Months in *Ireland*, he invited the Wanderer to return, which she at last consented to do ; but has
ever

ever since hated him with the utmost Disdain. I have gone, my heavenly Friend, a little out of my Path, to give you an Idea of this Lover. I had another at that Time, far more agreeable, who had Youth and Wit. He abounded in Ridicule, and sometimes was dull enough to sacrifice his Passion to it, 'till at last we laugh'd Love out of Doors; but I must confess, he had something amusing enough in him, but was not intirely to my Taste. How sacred a Thing is Love! It will not indure Jefting.

About this Time of my Life, my Youth and Pleasures were interrupted by a violent Illness, which I received by sitting too long under the sweetest Trees in the Park. But, oh, I forgive that Injury, and adore the Place, for it is now blest with your looking on it from your sweet Windows. I no longer reproach them, but rather wish I had continued there till this Moment.

I languish'd long with a Fever, that near destroy'd my Life. It was then, my ever charming Friend, I lamented the Loss of a Mother, and the Distance of a Father. My Distemper increased,
and

and no Hopes of Recovery were left, but the Country : I went therefore to *Fulham*, where I was us'd with such Tendernefs and Care, that my Health reviv'd every Day ; and at last I was perfectly well. The Place agreed with my Soul as well as Body ; I was charm'd with the agreeable Walks, and delightful Solitude. The sweet *Thames*, which, you know, passes by the Foot of the Garden, entertain'd my Eyes ; and the agreeable Meadows, which were scatter'd on the other Side : How refreshing are the Arbours, fill'd with the softest Melody of the Spring ! How cool are its Grottos, defended from the Day, as if form'd for Love and Friendship ! I us'd to wander there with my Book or my Muse, and sweetly lost to the World, here I sigh'd,

Oh Heav'n, whate'er you else design,
Let this sweet Solitude be mine :
The Trees that shade, the Streams that shine. }
On this mossy Pillow resting,
Nothing here my Soul molesting.
Let not tyrant Love invade me,
From his killing Arrows shade me.
I have

*I have heard how others languish,
And have wept to grace their Anguish ;
But never let this Bosom prove,
From its own Pangs, the Force of Love.
Every Guardian Angel save me,
With the Freedom Nature gave me.*

The Angels heard my Prayers for a great while, and I liv'd in Paradise without a Serpent. I was happy in my Books and Friends, when the most terrible Misfortune of my whole Life befell me, the Loss of my dear Father. Oh let me collect Strength for this Part of my Life, I bleed when I think it over, and feel all those Agonies he suffer'd ; I need not, were I able, to repeat the dreadful Manner of his Death ; it wou'd wound your generous Soul too much, and you've already heard it.

Never was any Sorrow more real than mine : Part of my Life, the dearest of it, was lost at this Time. By Blood was shed by the same Hand. Nor Friends, nor Reason, could perswade me to pity myself. I resign'd my Soul to Grief, and indulg'd the fatal Sadness. My very Muse deceiv'd me, she could not sing for weeping.

Like

*Like a poor Flow'r, I pale and dying lay,
Torn from the Stalk, which weeps its Life
away.*

*A thousand Dangers prest on every Part,
Grief rent my Youth, and prey'd upon my
Heart.*

*The Night and Day was all to Tears re-
sign'd,*

*Death shook my Form, and shadow'd o'er
my Mind.*

My Loss was inexpressible, and I find it more every Day, and this Instant more than ever ; when the Ashes of the Dead are wounded by the Malice of the Living. My Grievs bleed anew, to find the Grave is not a Retreat from Envy, there I hop'd to rest with my poor Father ; but the Scorpion *Haywood* will bear her Sting even thither.

I hear she even violates the Dead, who never had the Misfortune to see her, and has committed no Crime against her but in giving me Life ; she taxes him with Follies he never heard of, my Soul knows him innocent of every Charge.

Sure this wretched Creature's Mind is as harsh and unlucky as her Features, that neither Death, nor Innocence, can

intreat

Eliza Haywood, author of "Memoirs of Utopia" 1725-2 Vol. 8^{vo} - it is a scandalous chronicle written in the manner of Mr. Stanley's New History. In it Mr. Sanson is introduced under the name of a fictitious (Vol. 1. p. 43) and described to be a bigoted, buxom, brown woman fond of new

intreat her ; how much worse is this female Fiend than the Villain that stabbed my Father's Bosom, who darts the Poison of her Pen in his very Dust; may it perish there, nor rise again to hurt the World !

Pardon me, my Angel, while I am speaking of this Devil ; till now she had not Power to afflict me. Oh, take me to your heav'nly Protection, and defend me from this Tygress, who delights in my Misfortunes, and pursues me in all that is dear and sacred to me, my Friends, my Reputation, my Parents, and even my adored *Hillarius*, who is dearer to me than all these, or Life itself ; there she wou'd strike me ; but I trust in Heaven, and your divine Sweetness, you will preserve me from her ; what can I expect, oh my Adorable, from the Tongue that will not spare even you, the sweetest and most lovely of all Mankind.

But to return to my former Sorrow : I past whole Months devoted to Grief, my Brother was still in *Ireland*, and I without any Friend or Relation to comfort me or assist my Affairs; but the Murderer was executed, and I did all Things

acquaint In that work it is said, that certain that the father and daughter were seen in the same bed together and the old Poet would run into lascivious conceits on the beauty of her limbs, to all the young Chevaliers who came to his levee.

that the most tender Duty required. My Soul was sunk in Melancholy, and my Health languished almost to the Grave. I conversed with nothing but what fed my Sorrow, Musick and my Books, that I appeared the Shadow of Death.

I was one Evening, which would have seemed sweet to the Happy, walking in the most gloomy Part of our Garden, when a Lady and Gentleman passed by me. My Eyes were bent to the Earth, and I in the deepest Mourning. I observed they turned back again with Surprise, and followed me so fast I could not well avoid them. When they overtook me I found the Lady had been a Neighbour, and once a favourite Friend; she presented her Husband to me, who till then I had not regarded. He was a kind of Man the World calls handsome, well made, and not unlovely to other Eyes, but mine were blind with Sorrow; they both appeared extremely pleased at meeting me so unexpectedly; they pitied my Concern, and seemed to share it with me. In walking with them I found they had been my Neighbours some Months, and were fixed in a very handsome House that

D

looked

looked into our Garden, where they invited me that Night, and pressed me to go, which I could not civilly refuse. From that Hour, for many Months, we were seldom asunder. Their Coach, their House, and every thing were at my Service, till Love was pleas'd to part us, by entering into the Gentleman's Head, where there was Room for twenty Cupids. I lamented this Change, and foresaw it would break our Friendship. I grew more reserved, and made but short and cold Visits, and only wanted to break off entirely; but as I retired the Couple grew fonder of me; they both complained of my Neglect, and forced me to be often there. When I was absent they lived in a perfect Storm. Mr. B— grew to hate his Wife, and she him; he reproached her with not looking and speaking like me; in Return she assured him I hated him, and disdained him, which was really true, and that he owed my Company entirely to her. In this she did me Justice, for of all Creatures he was most disagreeable to me. Not Love itself could make him seem lovely. He knew little of the divine Part of the Passion, and had

no true Regard for Women. Young as I was I discovered this, and resolved every Way to avoid him. His Praises were disagreeable. I was careful in never passing a Moment with him without his Wife. I endeavoured to reconcile their Quarrels, which were much higher in my Absence. His Lady often intreated me with Tears to be with them for her Sake, whom indeed I only considered. We often went to take the Air, but the poor Coach Glasses were still wounded between them.

One Day, after Dinner, we were sitting in their Arbour, when Mr. B— left us to sit by himself in another Part of the Garden, which I rejoiced at, but in a few Moments he intreated me to walk that Way just to speak to me; I was very unwilling to go, but his Lady compelled me; when I approached his Arbour, he conjured me with a very grave, but assured Face, to hear and to forgive him the last time he should ever trouble me. He took the Advantage of the Confusion he raised in me, and with uncommon Assurance spoke to this Purpose:

D 2

I find,

I find, Madam, to my Despair, the Coldness you entertain my Passion with, and all its Proofs; you see me miserable without Pity, and dragging at once the Chains of Love and Marriage. I cannot believe that Youth and Sweetness is without some Flame, nor can I imagine myself an unworthy Object; but I suppose you sacrifice me to imaginary Honour, to the cold Maxims of your Grandmother, or to the Friendship you have for my Wife; she merits nothing from either of us; for your Sake I try to suppress my Hatred, but you give nothing in Return.

I stood with Horror to hear this Creature, but was flying from him, when falling at my Feet he held me so fast I could not move; I will never leave this Place, says he, till you promise to smile upon me; and here I swear to merit your Regard. I will leave all things for you, my Wife, my Children, and Country. I will fly where we are not known, marry, and settle all my Fortune upon you. You are young and friendless; if Love will not incline you, let Interest.

Never

Never was Soul so shocked, nor so full of Resentment! I trembled with Anger, so that I could not speak, but bursting from his Arms, I gave him a severe Blow on the Face; There, Villain, says I, take my last Favour, and boast of it. His Wife overheard some Part of the Discourse, which obliged me in Justice to myself to tell the rest, and to assure her I never more would enter her House where I was so affronted. She endeavoured to appease me, and implored me to continue my Visits. He retired into his Closet, where he locked himself up all Night, equally enraged with his Wife and me.

I never more returned to this House of Terror, and avoided all Places where I could hear of them, or meet them. On his Part Love turned to Hatred, and he made it his Business to injure me as much as was in his mean Power. Soon after, I thank Heaven, he left the Place and me with a thousand Curses. It is yet a Pleasure to my Memory that I acted so justly in that Affair. I have told you most religiously the Truth, as if I were addressing to my Creator.

Thus, my Guardian Angel, I escaped this Rock ; I think blameless and innocent ; but I was not long ere I was driven on another far worse, which wounded me more severely.

About a little Mile from us a near Relation of mine lived, who was a very famous Oculist, and had some of his Patients in the same House with him ; amongst the rest a very agreeable Lady of a good Fortune, whom I had formerly known in *London*, and was happy in meeting there. I was often with her whole Days together. There was other Company in the House, then unknown to me ; amongst others two blind Gentlemen lately returned from *Turky*, where they lost their Eyes : I never saw more melancholy Objects : They were both about thirty, Men of Sense, and not disagreeable. My Soul was sincerely touched with Pity for them both, but most for one of them, whose Person and Manner appeared more engaging, and who shewed me an uncommon Regard. He was tall, genteel, and well-shaped, and had the Remains of some Beauty, which even his Blindness had spared. The Compassion I had
for

for this unhappy Gentleman carried me often to my Cousin's ; at last I almost lived there. I used to read to Sir *William M—y—d*, and walk with him. The Melancholy that still hung upon me made me delight in dismal Objects, and lament them. I was never so well pleased as when I could be of any Service to Sir *William* ; and indeed I grew happier than I had been since I lost my Father. I pitied the Misery of others so much, that I in some manner forgot my own ; and Heaven shewed me the Tenderneſs I beſtowed on the Unfortunate. The Summer began to decline, and I could not go ſo often to my Couſin's as uſual ; nor could the Blind walk to me unleſs Love had led him, for the Ways grew very bad, and the Days ſhort. Sir *William* could not bear this Diſtance. He was reſolved to ſhorten it, by living in the ſame Houſe, and leaving his deareſt Friends for me. I knew this would create ſome Remarks, but could not prevail with Sir *William* to ſtay where he was, nor indeed could I preſs him extreamly, for his Company grew very agreeable to me ; nor was I pleaſed without it. In fine, he came to Mr.

D 4

Cenny's.

*In Mr. Maynard, 2d Bar of Walthamſtow
He died 25 Decr 1715 unmarried and
ſucceeded by his brother Henry then reſident
Stamps*

Cenny's. We continually walked or sat together. I was seldom a Moment from him, or if I was, it gave him the greatest Pain, and me no Pleasure. I dined always with him, and rendered him all the little Services at Table that Pity directed. He would not eat but from my Hand, nor drink, unless I first touched the Glass. In walking, his Blindness permitted him to lean on my Arm. At Night we sat up late together. I used to read him to Sleep. Nothing could please him but my Discourse, Reading or Playing. I have seen him transported with Mirth at my Prattle. I invented a thousand Stories to entertain him, and left all my Friends to devote myself to him. I was too young and artless to imagine this more than Pity; nor did I dream his Love, but Gratitude for my Care. The World was more concerned for us than we were for ourselves. It was angry that we retired from it; for we had left every body for one another. It began to talk severely: The Wise called me imprudent: The Cunning fancied that which was noble Pity, meer Interest, which my Soul was above: The Ill-natured
still

still treated it worse, while Heaven knows nothing was more innocent than my Heart. I was too happy to heed these Prattlers, but was pleased to have a new Occasion of shewing my Regard to Sir *William*. His Relations grew alarmed, and fancied my Design on his Title and Fortune. But all this only augmented our Regard; and Anger gave a higher Relish to it. Sir *William* was eternally praising me, and presenting me to his Friends, and desired they would use their Interest with me to marry him, for the Admiration he had for me made him tremble to propose it. This extreamly perplexed them. They consulted, wondered, and railed. We laid a thousand little Schemes to teaze 'em; which all succeeded, to our infinite Pleasure. Never were People better pleased with themselves, or less concerned for the World. But all this while we rather talked like tender Friends, than Lovers, for I own I meant no more. But at last Sir *William*, in the most passionate and respectful Manner, assured me he adored me; that his Life and Fortune were at my Service; and entreated I would bless the Remainder

of his Days, which else would be miserable. This Discourse inspired me with no Design, but of liking him more, yet without a Thought of giving myself up for ever. I thought it nobler to be compassionate than rich, and that Marriage would take from the Beauty of my Pity. I returned him my Thanks for the Honour he imagined I deserved, and assured him, whilst he thought in that manner, I would continue my most tender Respect. I had then Abundance of what they call Lovers, but would receive none. My Heart was taken up more than I thought or durst examine; still I dreamed this was only Pity; till Sir *William* was obliged to go a few Miles to a Relation's. Our parting was too soft for Friendship. He was long ere he could leave me, and I as unwilling to part with him. In this little Absence I found myself extremely uneasy. I sighed every Moment, I knew not why, and counted the Hours till he returned, which was in a few Days, but so pale and altered, it appear'd his Shadow. Receive me, he cry'd, oh my lovely Friend, nor part with me again, but to the Grave! I have suffered more
than

than Death in this short Absence. I cannot live without you—Oh you must be always mine! He held me in his Arms, which I could find tremble with Joy. We every Day grew dearer to each other. I was then indeed as blind as he. I gave him every Perfection, and began to love in earnest. How did I want a Friend to guard me from this Precipice, where Love was leading me, to warn me of this Serpent, who was sucking out the Sweetness of my Soul, and laying every Art to destroy it!

*Honour, that Guardian Angel, can alone
Give Life to Love, and fix him on his
Throne:*

*Or if from Beauty Passion ever springs,
How short its Reign, how ready are its
Wings!*

*Or if from Wit the trifling Flame is
born,*

*Soon it expires, and grows our Reason's
Scorn.*

*'Tis artless Tendernefs, and Honour join'd,
Can only triumph o'er a noble Mind.*

*With these Hillarius leads my Soul along,
How soft the gentle Chain, and yet, O
God, how strong!*

Oh

Oh let me break once more from your divine Beauties to Sir *William*! but the Descent is so great, I can hardly bear it, and must recover Breath to proceed.

One Day I was obliged to go to Town, which I very seldom did; but at my Return, early in the Evening, I found Sir *William* retired to Bed, and, his Servant assured me, very ill. I hastened to his Bed-side, infinitely afflicted. He started up at my Voice, and embracing my Neck, he could not speak for weeping. My Heart was most tenderly moved at his Tears; a thousand times I intreated him to tell me the Occasion of them. At last, with a deep Sigh, he told me he must leave me; that his Relations had been with him that Day, with a Physician from *London*, who both affirmed that Air was fatal to him; that wrong Methods had been used with his Eyes; and they must have him near them in Town: But lost in Grief, he cried, I will lose all Hopes of Sight or my Life, rather than part with you a Day. My Soul is bound up in this Bosom. Here will I sigh my last Moments, unless I could contrive some way
to

to be blest'd with Light and this together, of what Comfort would it be to see a World I should despise without you. Oh think for me, my sweet Angel! think for me soon! soften my Despair! say I shall not lose you! No, says I, dear Sir *William*, you cannot lose me; comfort yourself; Love will inspire us with some Method. His Tears still flowed, and mine mingled with them. At last I left him to repose, or rather to think of preventing this Separation. He sent early to intreat me to his Chamber. His Looks seemed more composed, and Hope shone on his Face. I have not slept one Moment, says he, to-night, and shall sleep no more, unless you bless my Proposal. I will, with your Leave, take Lodgings in Town, where there shall be Room for you; or rather I will implore you to please yourself with an Apartment to be in it some Time, and only secure me one near you. What can the World say of this? How can you or they help my desiring to be with you? Who will wonder at it? or not wish the same? We already live in one House. It will not be new to continue so, or at least all the Fault will be laid
on

on me : And it is in our Powers to silence them by joining for ever.

I liked the first Scheme much better than the last. I never entertained a Thought of marrying Sir *William*. I told him I wished this could be managed with Prudence ; and, to avoid Reproach, we resolved to consult some Friends of ours in it, whom the World calls wise. But I unhappily found those who rather studied my Pleasure than my Interest. They gave me such Reasons for this as I could wish, and such as transported Sir *William*. I therefore moved to *Red-Lyon-Square*, and in a few Days Sir *William* came thither. We lived for some Time agreeably enough, but the Scene quickly changed. When I imagined we should be most happy, he grew peevish, jealous, and melancholy. I had very little Company, but that little disturbed him. Nor could I ever leave him without finding him sick, or out of Humour, at my Return. He used to examine how I was dressed ; every Patch or Ribbon grew a Sin. Whenever any Friends were with me, he bribed his Servants to enquire their Names, and to listen. See my weeping Lover, adored
Hillarius,

Hillarius, grown a Tyrant. The Pity and Tendernefs I had for him made me endure this ſome Time; though I often reproached myſelf with this Submiſſion, and ſaw too plainly that Love had led me wrong; and I muſt ever confeſs this one of my greateſt Miſtakes. It was hard to retreat, but I only waited a happy Hour to break my Chain, which my Lover did not imagine. It coſt me ſome waking Nights, and many Tears, before I could reſolve.

One Morning I went earlier than uſual to his Room, in order to leave it for ever. He begun in a very grave Manner to preach to me Retirement and Prudence, and told me his ſincere Paſſion was the Occaſion of this Diſcourſe. I coldly thanked him, and aſſured him I would both pleaſe the World and my ſelf, by leaving him with all poſſible Haſte; that I had already taken Lodgings in *Bedford-Street*, which I had done to convince him of my Prudence, that I did not deſire an entire Separation, and ſhould often wait on him, when I could be of Service to him. Never was any wretched Mortal more ſurprized. He colour'd, trembled, and frown'd, and

and confess'd the Devil in every Action. I own I secretly triumphed at his Anguish; for his Tyranny and Ill-manners had murder'd Love; his Spight and Passion choaked his Words, and I left him in Silence. I heard afterwards he behaved like a Madman; and alarmed the whole House. He found me out, and implored my Return, but in vain. He came himself, and intreated, but to little Purpose, only sometimes I passed a few Hours with him, but never more with any Happiness. He appeared to repent, and to accuse himself, but was too late. About this Time my long absent Brother returned from *Ireland*, and my Cousin from Sea. And, to compleat my Happiness and Cure, they lodged in the same House. I did not find it hard to transplant my Tenderness from that ungrateful Soil.

Behold me once more pleased and happy; but my dark Angel still hover'd over me.

Sir *William* would often visit me in meer Malice. He sometimes found my Brother with me, for whom he now laid his Nets. He put on all possible Tenderness and Respect before him, and

to

to him. He presented, he intreated, 'till my Brother grew charmed with him, and wonder'd at my Indifference. I had not let him into our Quarrel, but only gently warn'd him of his Humour. But his Art was too strong for me ; and my Brother believed him an Oracle. He was at first eternally praising me to him, and that way secured him. And when he had him fast, he opened all his Grievs to him, complained of my Treatment, and implored my Brother's Interest to reconcile me ; which he vainly attempted. He laid before me the Charms of Title and Fortune with a Man that adored me : But I was deaf, tho' for my Ease I appeared to listen.

In the mean while Sir *William*, who did not succeed as he wish'd, renew'd his Complaints ; and at last I grew more uneasy with my Brother and him than I had been before. I had not the Liberty of seeing any Friend with Ease, for these Guardians were ever at my Elbow. I had no Comfort but in lamenting myself to my Cousin, who grieved with me. When good Fortune once more returned to my Embraces, my Brother was recalled into *Ireland*,
but,

but, ere he went, after embracing Sir *William*, whom he now called Brother, he recommended me to his Care, desired him to advise me, and to inform him of my Conduct. Sir *William* was highly pleased, and now thought me more in his Power than ever, and again returned to his old Tyranny. From which I resolved to break once more. My Cousin was again obliged to go to Sea. And now I had nothing to please me in Town. I resolved therefore a Tour to *Bath*, with a Lady who was then going. I broke this Design to Sir *William*, who was distracted at it, vowed to inform my Brother, who had trusted me to his Care; but I took the Liberty to leave my Guardian for ever. Never was poor Prisoner more rejoiced who had broke his Chain; on the other part, never was Jailer more enraged. He leaped into a Boat, and went to *Fulham*, bursting with Rage and Malice. There he said every thing it could inspire; but they knew his Malice too well, and only laughed at it, which was a new Wound to his ill-natured Soul.

I re-

I removed to the Lady's I was to go with to *Bath*, whose Company and House were perfectly pleasant. Our Evenings were passed in the most agreeable Company. We had Wit and Musick, and continual Entertainment. I now began to live, and recover my Repose. My Spirits rose, and I was myself. But even in these gay Moments I sighed for a soft Captivity, and Life was insipid.

From hence, with a Heart entirely free, I began my Journey to *Bath*, a Place I had never seen. There I found a kind of new World, but pleasing enough to me for that Reason. I had some Relations there, who were the shining People of the Place. These made it their Pleasure to introduce me to all Diversions, and to the most polite. I found myself agreeable to them, and caressed by the Fair and Witty. Our Lodgings were ever filled with these; on the Walks we were more crowded than the rest; the Ladies lost their Lovers, and began to complain and envy; but the Hours flew on. Here I became acquainted with Mr. *Wicherley*, who had Wit without Politeness, and a Levity improper for his Age. He was very little

little to my Taste. I was much more to his, and would Love have consented, I might have been Wife to this Poet; but my Heart was averse.

There was a Gentleman, young, and not unhandsome, who used to be eternally with us. He always danced with me, and conducted me to all publick Places. He sent me such Books as could best entertain me, with the Presents that were usual in that Place. The People called him my Lover; but I had very little Tendernefs for him. His Company was rather habitual than delightful. He was blest'd with an overflowing Fortune, which kept him in a happy Temper. He was ever gay and obliging, rather than tender. When an Accident happen'd that obliged me to drop this Lover. We were invited by a Gentleman, who lived in the same House, to a *Bath Breakfast*, which is generally given at parting. All my Friends were there, and every one had somebody to address himself to. This Gentleman, as usual, entertained me, but after a different Manner. We were leaning out of a Window when he hastily slipped a very fine Ring off his Finger, and

and placed it on mine. It is but just, says he, the finest Hand in the World should be so adorned. I grew very angry at this Liberty ; and with a just Resentment gave the Ring back, which in refusing, dropt out of Window. This alarmed all the Company. They were run down in a Moment ; and I, the most concerned, pursuing with all haste, when, to my unutterable Surprize, I saw him lock the Door, and myself in his Arms. Never was I seized with such Shame, Horror, and Anger. They all assisted me, but in spite of my Resistance he threw me on the Bed, and I him on the Floor, where he fell, cursing his Disappointment, Love, and his Stars. I rose trembling, with Fear and Passion, whilst this Monster rolled upon the Floor. Rise, says I, Villain, and see me no more. I then flew to the Door ; he followed on his Knees, and implored my Pardon and Silence in this Affair. I ran down Stairs with my Hair and Dress disorder'd, where I found the Company had recovered the Ring, and had even forgot, in their Search, my Absence. My Lover sneaked out of Doors ; and from that Moment my
Soul

Soul had an Aversion for him. He used all the few Arts he was Master of to reconcile me by our Friends; but I returned his Letters, and all his Presents, and never after would suffer him to see me. This was the chief Adventure of that Place, of which I grew a little weary.

But after parting with this robust Lover, I found a softer, more to my Taste. Colonel K—r was then at *Bath*, and extreemly admired; he danced to Perfection, and was polite and well bred. These were attended with a respectful tender Passion, and though happy in his Person, Family and Fortune, he did me the Honour to wish me his; but I was not yet fond of Marriage, nor wise enough to consider I was then offered the most agreeable Man, and a Rank worthy of my Care. How foolish, how blind is Youth! I cannot enough accuse myself this Mistake. I had a Crowd of other Lovers, not worthy my remembering, or your divine Thought; but I left them all, and retired to Town by the Way of *Oxford*.

How was my Soul entertained with that sweet Place! where Learning inspires

spires the very Air. I saw all the noble Buildings. I was enamoured with the Walks, and wished there to end my Life. Here my Passion for Reading awakened again, and I resolved my future Life should pursue it. The Civilities and Charms of that Place made me leave it with Tears, and sigh thus as I parted from it.

*Fair flow'ry Vale, oh dear Retreat,
And Treasury of all that's sweet,
Why is my hapless Youth refus'd
To taste thy Charms, with Toys amus'd?
Here let me sigh in thy sweet Shade,
Or be by thy cool River laid.
Drive me not from thy deathless Store,
Nor leave my Mind undone and poor.
Adorn it with a lasting Name;
For oh it swells and pants for Fame.
Not all the Trifles of my Kind
Can stop my ever-soaring Mind,
For Immortality design'd. }
It will, it must, it shall be great,
And rise above the Medium of my Fate.*

The Beauties of Oxford staid upon my Soul, and sweetly played on my Memory, even after I came to Town;
and

and I was favoured with Letters from the most obliging and ingenious there : Amongst the rest, Mr. *Hally*, a most worthy and agreeable Friend, who sought and deserved my Friendship.

After I came from *Bath*, I lodged some Time in *King-street* by St. *James's* Square, where I had the Happiness of a very gay Neighbour, Sir *Harry B——y*. He was a Lover, but very unrefin'd, which secur'd me from him. We only, or chiefly at least, conversed like *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* through a Wall, for I lay next Room to him. Never was amorous Knight more angry with his Stars than he with this poor Partition, which was defended with a Chain, which sat more uneasily upon him than that of Marriage. He used to sigh, to serenade, and to toast me, but in vain. Love would not enter amidst Wine, and Noise, and Levity. It sought a more sacred Palace. Alas ! there requires little Virtue to refuse the Half of Mankind. 'Tis a Justice to ourselves, 'tis a Love for ourselves, makes us justly unkind to them : But I know not why this should be called Virtue, which is but natural, as to fly Fire and Water, and
all

all the Enemies of Life. No, my adored *Hillarius*, this ought not to wear that divine Title. Oh need I say what Virtue is! 'tis to adore *Hillarius*, and him divinely as I do, without Reserve or Interest; to sacrifice the mean Incense of the Crowd to the heavenly Passion to live for him alone, to languish for him amidst the Praise and Adoration of the World: This is Virtue, to love the Virtuous, and truly Noble. I look down with Contempt on the mean Mortals who confine Virtue to the narrow Compass of the Body: Sure it is seated in the Soul, or rather your divine Breast is its Treasury. I will not, with other dull Authors, ask Pardon for this Digression: No, my Angel, all Things else are Digression. You are the darling Subject of my Soul; and when it leaves you to speak of any thing else, I offer it a Violence not to be express'd.— Oh must I go back again to talk of myself!

*Thus the charm'd Traveller his Sight re-
gales
A while, with shining Streams, and flow'ry
Vales;*

E

Trea-

*Treasures the Prospect with devouring
Sight
To charm the Way, and entertain the
Night.*

But I return to tell my sweet Charm-
er. — The Cousin he has heard me
speak of sometimes in this little Account,
was again returned from Sea, more my
Lover than ever. With his Tenderness
he brought me to love Retirement again.
Love made him jealous, and for his
Ease I resigned the Park, the Play, and
every idle Amusement. I seldom saw
my *Bath* Friends, and lost the Relish of
’em. Such a Force has even the Sha-
dow of Love over the Mind ; for I have
since learned I was not truly in love :
The Pleasure of being beloved, made
me dream I loved.

*In that faint Tenderness I could survey
A Dawning of the fierce approaching Day ;
And from the Sighs Imagination drew,
The Constitution of my Soul I knew.
It waited only till your Beauties came,
Then every Wish was kindled into Flame.*

I was

I was indeed happy enough in the soft Conversation of my Coulin. We used to sit and walk, and almost live together, till our gentle Kindred grew jealous, and endeavoured to divide us; but that only could be compleated by the Winds and Waves. Ere he went away, he conjured me to leave my joyous Neighbour. His poor Heart trembled for me, amidst Bars and Chains; but he was more secured by my Promise. He took a very tender Leave; and I really believe he had a real Passion for me; and, as I said, I had as much for him as he knew how to inspire.

Behold me now, my lovely Master, dreaming of Rocks and Sands at Sea, and mourning for my absent Lover; but I soon found there were Shelves and Quickfands on shore more to be really fear'd.

I was seated in the most agreeable Part of the Town, St. James Street, on the Terrass, where I saw all the World; but, I conjure you to believe me, without being charmed with it. I often retired to sigh in a back Dressing-Room, where I had a Harpsichord. I have played away whole Afternoons, without going

down Stairs. The Gentlewoman of the House was a little Coquet, and a kind of half uninform'd Beauty: She was ever drest out, and trying to catch the Eyes of the Spectators. She had as little Sense as a Statue, and so far like one, she turned as she was set by Flattery. There was always a civil Distance between us: I resigned all her Fools to her; and was extreamly in her Favour: They were People of some Fashion, and lived in a very handsome Manner. It was here the gay Cousin I left at Bath introduced his Grace of B—fort first to me. I had, before I saw him, address'd a little Poem, on the Death of Mr. Edmund Smith, to him, and he came to thank me. From a Patron, he grew a Lover, and as passionate a one as he could be. But I had no Notion of his Love or Title; he was too general, and fought the Body more than the Soul. We could not agree in our Sentiments. I found him a coarse dull Lover. He desired me to instruct him in *Platonick Love*; but he was a strange Scholar, and I grew weary of him. This I have Reason to believe, he never ascended to love any thing so respectfully as he did

me,

X. Henry Somerset 2^d D. at Bath, who Mr. Heywood says was never over nice in his choice: that he had a son by her, and followed her as a handsome subservient, till he happened to come at an hour, she did not expect him, he found

me. We have had many laughing Hours together, but no tender ones: He had extream Good-nature, but knew only the Forms of People; he was a Stranger as to the Minds; nor could he tell the Manner of Charming. If the Lady refused five Hundred Pounds a Year, his Love was confounded, and all at a Loss. This arose from his mean Education: His Grandmother's Maids were all the Goddeses he knew for some Years; and they were so far mortal as to receive all his Quarteridge. He had a very small Allowance, and that laid out in this mean Manner; which led him to think wrong of Women. We used to wonder at one another; he at my Dullness to Interest, and I at his way of addressing. This kept us at a very happy Distance; though the World was so good to talk warmly of us, and to make his Grace much happier with me, than I could; for I most religiously profess, we were innocently gay together, and no more.

About this Time an Adventure besell me that gave me more Pain, though in itself as innocent.

E 3 Some

most duty and disagreeable of his footmen in
upon this detection he quitted him
such extremities as to be almost com-
desires by the most profligate man

Some Friends of mine, whose Names I intreat you'll spare me for their Sakes, invited me to a private Ball, which the Gentleman, whom I thought my Friend, made himself: I was fond of this foolish Diversion, and thought to excell in this Mistake. Vanity led me thither with another Lady I was very fond of. I found all Things very fine, beyond what I dream'd of, and the Company very agreeable. I was presented to 'em as a Person of great Agility. As I looked round the Room, my Heart seemed to choose one Gentleman beyond the rest; he was tall and genteel, or I thought him so; and his Face seemed to assure me he thought as kindly of me. After he had very respectfully, himself, presented me with Wine and Sweetmeats, before any of the rest, he invited to dance with me. I secretly rejoiced at his Choice, and gave him my Hand with some Pain and Pleasure. We entertained one another without much Regard to the rest of the Company; I saw, or hoped I saw, a peculiar Civility to me, for I found I know not what for him. Every thing he said appeared engaging, and I began to fear
the

the Night would end too soon. How little, oh divine *Hillarius*, do we know what approaching Hours design us! Nothing could be more tenderly respectful than this Gentleman. The Lady who conducted me hither was sent for by her Husband sooner than the rest were willing to go, for the Musick and Entertainment were both very elegant. My Friend departed in haste, but whispered me, a Servant and Light should remain at her Back Window; and she left her Partner to see me safe home. I was too much pleased to suspect this, and too innocent. I danced on as securely as if my Guardian Angel had led me along; but at last the Company prepared to be gone; I looked round, but my Friend, who was to conduct me, was slipped away with the Hours. I grew a little concern'd at this; but the Person who had danced with me offer'd his Service very gravely. It was late, and I alone, and a Stranger to the rest of the Company. I saw it was the Custom of the Place to see the Ladies home; I therefore gave my Hand to my Partner, who led me into a Hackney Coach, that waited, and which he told me my Friend

Friend had left on Purpose. I knew not why, but my Heart began to tremble as if some Danger was near it. I sigh'd to myself, and now wished to be safe at home, though my Lover behaved as I could wish. The Coach drove to the Back-Door, as directed; but how was I surprized! we called, we beat at the Door enough to raise the Dead, but no Light appear'd, nor Servant; we stay'd above an Hour to no Purpose. It was extream dark, late, cold, and rainy. I knew it impossible to get Entrance into my Lodgings, for there I left word I should lye in the — The Gentleman seem'd concern'd as much as I, and acted his Part very well. He spread his Cloak over me, and we walked and stood at the cruel adamantine Door till I was starv'd to Death. At last Mr. S. implor'd me to mount the Coach, to defend us from the Weather. — The Wind blew, the Spouts pour'd, the Coachman grumbled, the Horses groan'd, and I sigh'd. Never were more deplorable Objects. I purpos'd sitting in the Coach till the Windows open'd; but the Coachman, an Actor in this tragic Farce, would not permit it on
any

any Terms. My Soul was truly perplex'd, and sick with Vexation, when my Lover surpriz'd me with a Confession. He fell on his Knees in the Coach, and implored my Pardon for what he was going to own. 'Tis I, said he, Madam, am chiefly guilty of all this Trouble, which your Innocence mistakes for Chance. It is Love and I have contrived all this. I heard him with Grief and Wonder; nor thought it yet possible there could be such Art. See, says he, divine Creature, your Power over me. I confess myself a Villain: I sacrifice my Friends and your's to your Displeasure; but since they have join'd to afflict you, I will hate them and myself. The Ball, the Design, the Coach were mine, and all in order to make you so. But I already repent; punish me as you please. But oh have Pity on your lovely self, dearer to me than my Soul. Leave me to my Disappointment, to stab myself. But where will you wander to be insulted this bitter Night. Oh be tender of yourself, and trust me once more, after this Penitence! I have long adored you, and Love laid this Scheme for me—but

it costs you too dearly. Receive my sincere Penitence, and let my future Respect convince you, I love you above myself. My Lodgings are near; all Things are safe and silent there; not a Mortal can see you; my Life shall defend you; nor any but this Heart now beating for you, know of this Blessing; and I most religiously swear to be commanded by you this Night and ever. Without giving me leave to think or speak, he ordered the Coach to drive to *Pall-Mall*. The Sadness of my Soul made it appear a Herse to me. I could not talk for Grief. We arrived at the Door, where we saw a Light, which instantly retired, and the Door was opened. Mr. S. took me in his Arms, and carried me in. We went up Stairs, where all things were very gay and fine, Lights and a Table spread with every thing polite. By the Order of all this, and by every thing I saw, Mr. S.'s Confession was true, that I was betrayed by my Friends, and designed his Victim; but my Soul took other Resolutions worthy of itself. Never was more melancholy Company than I, nor ever were so many soft Things thrown away on a Heart.

After

After we had sat almost silent, at least on my Part, for some time, he began to implore me, for my own Sake, to take some Rest. I told him I would try to repose a little in the great Chair, if he would please to leave me. I saw this was not the Rest he meant, and, kneeling down by me, he tenderly intreated me to go to his Bed, which should be sacred to me, and presented me the Key of his Chamber to lock myself in, while he only begg'd Leave to guard me in the outward Room. I received the Key, and grew a little easy, to think I should be once more alone, and safe. I wished him a good Night, and withdrew into the Bed-chamber, which I locked, and went into Bed, thinking myself very secure. My poor Spirits were almost sunk to Death, and oppressed with Fatigue and Grief. In fine, I fell asleep, which lasted not long. I started, and found myself inclosed in the Arms of Mr. S. How was I amazed and terrified! I burst into Tears of Anger and Sorrow. I implored his Pity, and he mine; he wept, he intreated, but in vain. We lay after this Manner; nor could I break from his Hold.

Never

Never were sadder Hours past on both Sides. Never were such different Complaints. I knew not how to get from this Precipice, but by a little Art, the first I had ever used. I promised him, if he would safely release me, I would consider the Merit of that, and be some time grateful. I conjured him to trust to my Pity and Generosity; which at last he did. I rose, and huddled on my Things, still trembling with Fear. — After kissing my Hand, and weeping over it, he let me out of his Chamber, to which I found he had another Key. He softly opened the Street-Door, and I hurried out, and walked faintly along to my Lodgings, where they were just up. I pretended I had been up dancing all Night. — Pale, and cold, and sick, I threw myself into Bed, and slept a few Hours; when I rose, I heard a Gentleman had waited below some time for my waking, who said he had danced with me over Night, and came to inquire my Health. He was brought up into the Dining-Room; but how shall I tell my Charmer the Confusion I received him with, or the sad Reflections that crowded on me. Not Innocence

itself could defend me from Shame, when I reflected how lately I had broke from his Arms ; nor was he less concerned, for I indeed believe he had a Passion for me ; and 'tis possible even his Disappointment increased it. He spoke little, but that after so tender a Manner, that my Fears begun to retire, and Smiles take Place. I endeavour'd to comfort him, and seem'd to value his Generosity at a high Rate. Again I promis'd him to think of it, and ever to esteem him. When the Danger was over, I confess he appeared more agreeable to me ; and still, as I talked to him, my Liking returned. His Conversation was very sweet and pleasing. For some Months he visited me continually, and I found something of a Tenderness for him, but no violent Passion, which he used to deplore, and think himself very unhappy. In this Time he offered me very fine Diamonds, and Presents of all Kinds, but I received none ; nor did I find my Youth fond or dazled with these Trifles. He was ever sighing before me. At last I believe he grew weary of losing his Hopes and Hours, and resolved to try his last Art. He there-

therefore offered, in as respectful a Manner as such Discourse could bear, his Fortune, or any Part I would choose, for a Settlement, and assured me I should have every thing in such a Way that it should set me above Reproach; nor should my Character suffer as he could contrive it; and were he happy enough to have any Children of mine, they should be his only Heirs; that he would enter into the firmest Obligations not to marry, unless I would myself accept of him for a Husband. He confess'd the other more agreeable to him, and only as Love liv'd longer when unconfined; and that he would be mine eternally, and only mine. Whilst he was talking in this Manner, my Soul felt a just Disdain to hear its Body bargaining for; — but I conceal'd my Anger, and told him I would think for him. We parted that Evening, and for ever. I left my Lodgings, and retired again to *Fulham*. I wrote him word I was gone into *Staffordshire* to a Relation's, and would never see him more. I know not how he received this Retreat, for I have only since, and that within this Year or two, seen him in Publick —

He

He always turns pale ; and I always avoid him.

Pardon, my Heaven, this long Account. I have been more particular in order to give you a true Draught of my Soul, which I think is not without some little Virtue, even what the World calls so ; 'tis possible indeed there was Pride and Niceness in this Refusal ; but rather it was Want of a violent Passion, such as I now burn with for you. I cannot value myself too much upon it, for I fear it might be partly the Want of a proper Address in him. Be it what it will, we parted, he to some kinder Mistress, and I to my beloved Shades, where Love was not much my Care. I offered up but few of my Sighs at his Altar, but treasured them all for you.

Accept, my Angel, all the Tender-ness of my Heart, till now never truly charmed.

Survey me again at *Fulham*, where I had Amusements enough, and more Lovers than I sought after, but most of these of the lightest Kind, such as could not make me happy. Sometimes Fops fell in my Way : These are strange Insects, such as I despise.

One

One of these, who had a good pretty Person, joined to a Pertness of Wit, address'd me; all his leisure Hours were employed in writing Billets. I happen'd at that time to be his reigning Goddess; he powder'd for me, and really thought he sigh'd for me, whilst he had only a Passion for his dear self. I have often observed him seated over against a large Glass, where he has ogled his own sweet Person as he spoke to me. He was what the Dull call a happy Man amongst the Ladies, a Wit, and a Beau. I never saw a more perfect Coquet than this Creature. He used to drop very tender Letters on purpose to show me his Success in other Places. No Comedy ever represented a more accomplish'd Figure. He was a Poet too, or rather a Thief that way, which I used continually to discover and laugh at. Often have I said to myself,

*Empty Trifler, couldst thou see
Ought to give thee Hopes of me,
I should then myself despise,
And chide my dull ill-judging Eyes.
But their Looks are too sincere
To persuade thee thou art dear.*

See

*See my Heart is all unmov'd ;
See thy Vows are disapprov'd.
Retire, poor Trifler; nor consume
Thy borrow'd Wit, and Beauty's Bloom.*

In fine, I grew so weary of this Lover, that I dropt him much to his Surprise, and my Ease. About this time I had another just the Reverse of this, a most whining doleful Mortal, who used to terrify me with Complaints. His Person was very disengaging; nor could I bring my Heart to endure him, upon which he threaten'd to destroy himself very often; but at last he was so good to resolve to live and to forget me, to my great Comfort; but I hear he complains of me to this Hour.

I had at this Time very little Passion, but for divine *Shakespear*, who used to pass whole Nights with me. I devoted myself to his Beauties, which I found improve upon me. Oh how transporting he is! Sure there is a heavenly Likeness between your Souls.

*In every lovely Line of his I find
A sweet Resemblance of my Charmer's Mind,*

That

*That Godlike Glow which with enchanting
Art,*

Pours all its Flames into the Reader's Heart.

*Bless me with that sweet Power, and I'll
forego*

All but thy Love, the only Joy below.

*Oh much too charming, thou mayst well
resign*

*Half that sweet Art, when my Lips press
to thine.*

*There breathe thy Soul, its Harmony infuse,
And give immortal Beauty to my Muse.*

I was so enchanted with this old, yet
for ever new Lover, that I used to car-
ry him all Day in my Arms, and at
Night he was my Entertainment. He
inspir'd my Dreams, and first made me
sigh after Immortality. I seldom left
the dear Garden, where I was extream-
ly happy. If I parted from it, it was
only to a favourite Neighbour, who was
one of the most agreeable Women I
ever found; her Humour was gay, her
Taste polite, her Wit entertaining, and
her Friendship most desirable. She
help'd to render my Solitude very
charming. Never did I taste the Beauty
of Friendship so much as in this enga-
ging

ging Person. She understood the World, herself, and me, most perfectly, every Thought of my Soul. She had a very sweet Voice, and remembered all the most modish Songs in King *Charles's* Time, with the Beauties of that Age, their Virtues and their Failings. In comparing them with ours, I could only find they were more gayly faulty than at present. Love, or what they call'd so, was the Fashion of those Days.

Whilst I am bless'd, my adored Lover, with your divine Regard, I sigh not after their Wits or Beauties; rather I rejoice they are dead, who would have been such powerful Rivals to me.

*If Cleveland had survey'd thy Charms,
She wou'd have left her Monarch's Arms,
And chilly Churchill's Forms declin'd
For the bright Sun-shine of thy Mind.
Or had the lovelier Mazarine
My brighter King of Beauty seen,
Variety she had not known —
But sigh'd for thee the Soul of Love alone.
She wou'd have lost her loose Desires,
And burn'd for thee with more religious
Fires.*

Pardon

Pardon my interrupting Fondness, sweet Charmer of my Heart ; 'tis ever with Pain I leave you to speak of my self ; 'tis a kind of Death you force me to suffer.

As I have said, my Thoughts were wholly charm'd with Reading and Friendship, when an Adventure broke in a little on their Harmony.

We had at *Fulham* a young Lady of a very handsome Fortune, joined to a Person very pretty and engaging : she did not want Sense, nor any Charm, in my Eyes. A young Gentleman of a good Estate had seen her in the Country where he lived, and pursu'd her to Town, extreamly in Love. He address'd her with very good Success. Amongst the rest of her Acquaintance, I was invited to see this Lover, and give my little Judgment of him. He was low, but gay and witty ; well-shap'd, and indeed perfectly pleasing, without being intirely fine. I spoke of him in such a Manner to his Mistress, that from liking, she grew, I fear, to love him ; when, by the Caprice of our Stars, he liked me, I know not why ; for I religiously affirm, I had then no kind of
Tender-

Tendernefs for him, no Design to engage him.——But from the Moment he ſaw me he grew cold to his firſt Purſuit, and too often declared his Heart was intirely devoted to me, without conſidering he loſt both a Fortune and a Beauty. I proteſt I had no Joy in this Change, rather I beheld it with Pain. I had neither Inclinations nor Ingratitude enough to uſe this to my Advantage. I moſt generously try'd to reconcile theſe Lovers. I knew Envy would be buſy at our Expence. He would be eternally with me. His Father preſſed him to marry, but in vain; nor was he more ſucceſſful with me. I own he was very agreeable to me, but I reſolved to conquer that. Wounded with his Diſappointment, he retired very melancholy into the Country, without taking Leave of the Lady he once lov'd.

O how capricious is ill-grounded Paſſions! How few Moments do they live! In ſome few Months, to forget me, he marry'd a Fortune, but a very terrible one, as deformed as the other was lovely. He laid this Miſfortune at my Door. He is ſince dead, and was never happy.

After

After his Retirement into the Country, I had the ill Fortune of stealing another Lover of a different Kind. This was a Son of *Eden*, a Gardener, but the most polite I ever saw; he had not only read his Mother Earth, but the admir'd *Shakespear*, and with some Success. He spoke of his Beauties not ungracefully. His Person was tall and handsome; his Dress very modish, and I assure you I have seen worse Figures in the Side-Box. He was very rich, and offer'd a Jointure wou'd have excus'd my Descent, had Inclinations pleas'd, but they were proud and nice.

He had agreed with Mr. *Cenny* for one of his Daughters, and the Match was more than half made, when I unhappily, and undesignedly, interposed. In fine, I refused this *Adam*, who retired to his Paradise without a Wife, and left me to my beloved Garden — I thank Heaven, without a Husband. Oh why did I ever part with lovely Liberty, but to you! why did I not treasure it up to offer at your divine Feet! How sweet is the Bondage I now am bless'd with! Oh I will bear these dear Chains to my Grave.

Thy

*Thy heavenly Laws are sweeter to the Mind,
Than all the Pleasures of the Unconfin'd.*

Never was Mortal happier, or more disengag'd than I in these Hours. I was adored by my Friends, and favoured by the Muses, fortunate in my Acquaintance, which were but few. Envy and Malice were not intirely silent; but they could not alarm my Innocence. The Duke of B — t often visited me, but without Success. I protest to your divine Friendship, and to the God who has bless'd me with it, I cannot impute this to any thing but the little Regard I had to the Trifles of Fortune which he offered me in vain. I had no tender Thoughts for him. See me, adorable *Hillarius*, courted to shine in the World; but Love was not yet waked in my Bosom, nor could any thing charm him from his Slumber, but your enchanting Softness, and everlasting Beauties.

My Cousin, whom I've not lately spoke of, now returned once more from Sea. I had still some Tenderness for him, but no ardent Passion; continual parting had almost murder'd Love, defacing those tender Impressions I once dreamed

dreamed would last for ever; but I own he wanted many fine Qualities to inspire and preserve Love. He had a brutal Jealousy, which offended the Delicacy of my Soul. He would often, for slight Appearances, break out into violent and mean Resolves; which at last disgusted me; for Tenderness and fine Manners is the Food of Love. Permit me to give you an Instance or two of this Humour.

In the same Ship with him was a young giddy Rake, one of those who are ever dully boasting of Favours they never received.

My Cousin, whose Soul was fond of me, one Night was drinking my Health to this Fool, and so imprudent to name me; the other smiled, and assured him, he was not the only happy Man in my Favour. He hinted himself, and described me, as my Cousin, blind with Jealousy, thought, perfectly.

Never was Man more miserable than this mistaken Mortal; he hasted trembling to Shore, and rode Post all Night, and was at *Fulham* by Break of Day. He flew to my Bed-side, pale as Death, the very Picture of mistaken Rage. He could

could hardly speak — Here, Madam, says he, receive your Letters, no longer dear to me; and here is your Picture, half defaced with my Tears. I have armed myself with Resolution to take leave for ever, well convinc'd I have been betray'd.

I was amaz'd and griev'd, lost in thinking what could be the Meaning of all this. When he grew a little calmer I inquired the Reason, which he told me with great Assurance. I was for some time too angry to undeceive him, but at last I convinced him his Friend was base, and he deceived; that it must be some other who had assumed my Name, and at his Friend's coming to Town desired this might be explained. He seem'd to believe, and shew'd all possible Signs of Repentance. He found what I had assur'd him true.

This Boaster carry'd him to see this Person, who had done me the Favour to wear my Name. See, my Angel, how liable Love is to Mistakes! how often he falls into them! Oh my Heart knows too much of these soft, yet fatal Errors. I was then a Stranger to them,
F and

and perhaps had not Pity enough for them,

*Till on the fatal Shelve my Passion drove;
Oh God, what killing Fears attend on Love,
What Agonies of Thought, no Pen can
paint ;*

*Oh thine are Pangs, too sharp for all
Complaint.*

*When the poor trembling Heart to Grief
resign'd,*

*In Silence mourns, and can no Language
find :*

*Far worse than Death these bitter Mo-
ments prove,*

Extended on the Back of doubtful Love.

*Then all the Wounds his Arrows first have
made,*

Bleed o'er again ;—again are open laid,

*While pale Despair, and ever-trembling
Fear,*

*Pours Death into the Soul, and stabs the
Ear.*

*The cold and dewy Limbs confess the Pain,
And the Mind bleeds thro' every breath-
ing Vein.*

*This is a Shipwreck my poor Ease has
known,*

*And I can draw its Torments from my own.
I here*

There was no curing this unhappy Relation of mine of this Disease; he was eternally relapsing, which broke in upon the Harmony of our Loves.

I had most tenderly recommended my Cousin and his Interest to the Duke of *B—f—t*, in whose Power it was then to serve him; he had promised to use his Endeavours for him, and desired to see him and to serve him. Too well I knew the Pride and Jealousy of this Person, to imagine he would wait on the Duke, whom he regarded as a Rival.

But I contrived, for his Service partly, a Relation of ours should invite us to Supper, who was intimate with the Duke, and first introduced him to me. I perswaded my Cousin to guard me thither, he was unwilling to go, but more to let me go without him.

In fine, we went, and found every Thing fine and entertaining. But how was my poor Lover disordered, when the Duke of *B—fort* took me out to dance. I wish'd to have avoided giving him this Pain, but it could not be. I chose him a fine young Lady to dance with, and told him softly that I felt his Uneasiness,

finess, and would contrive to drop the Duke, if he would be easy; but that was impossible, I saw his Heart burbling with Grief, he neither minded his Partner, the Dances, nor the Company, his Soul was so out of Tune; the Duke very civilly address'd himself to him, but in vain.

All the Company remark'd his strange Behaviour, which I endeavoured to excuse. I pretended Illness for his Sake, and danc'd no more with the Duke that Night, which occasioned our breaking up sooner than was intended.

Some other of our Dancers were to go our Way, which was a new Torment to my poor Cousin; he long'd to complain, and thought he had a long Charge against me. He could not speak in the Coach, but was obliged to wait on the Ladies Home; but as we went Home I put my Hand to his Face which I found all in Tears; he press'd it between Grief, Anger, and Love. Pity kept me waking that Night, as Sorrow did my Cousin.

The first Person I saw, was this melancholy wretched Lover kneeling by
my

my Bedside. He told me, he had pass'd the Night in Tears, that Love had made him the most distracted of all Men; he implored me to forgive him, and to leave *London*, that he might recover himself. I never indeed saw a more deplorable Object, his Face was too sad a Witness of his Grievs. I forbore to wound him more, and hasted with him to *Fulham*, where a few Days compos'd his Soul; and mine, full of Pity, again forgave him.

Oh my Angel! what a Difference there is in Jealousy! how respectful and tender is yours! while you complain you grow more charming, and the Soul receives you with redoubled Ardour.

His was a coarse Uneasiness, and Love was asham'd and troubled at this Disturber of his Repose, the dull Waster of his tender Hours, who threw his Sweets regardless by him, and only lived upon the Bitter.

*Oh to thy heavy Kind impart
Thy soft Complaints, thy heav'nly Art.*

Thy gentle Murmurs, thy sweet Tone,
Thy speaking Sighs, when Love makes
known
His Agonies with an expressive Groan. }
When the fond Eyes with kind Reproaches
flow,
And all the Soul is delug'd o'er with
Woe ;
When the cold trembling Hand, with every
Press,
Speaks the poor breaking Heart, and begs
Redress.

He was unblest with this kind of Eloquence. At last his Fellow Waves re-demanded my elemental Lover. I resign'd him rather with the decent Grief of a Relation, than of a tender Mistress.

I was once more left to my dear Liberty, and sometimes pass'd some Hours at *Kensington*, with a Friend of mine, who had Life and Spirit enough. We amus'd the Moments gaily, but innocently ; some of them we pass'd in Town at the *Park* or Play.

She carry'd me to a Friend of her's, who was a Painter, and perswaded my
Vanity

Vanity into sitting for my Picture, a Folly I had never before committed ; for since my Hours of Childhood, I never dreamt I was handsome—or more than tolerable. I imagin'd my Eyes were only meant to read with, and the rest of my Features for their proper Offices. Flattery had made but few Impressions on me yet—nor was I aware of its Dangers.

The Painter and his Wife, who indeed were both well-bred agreeable People, and understood the World very well, receiv'd me rather like an Angel than a Mortal; they distinguished me from all their Friends, and courted me in such a manner, that I cou'd not help being pleasingly surpriz'd; little did I dream it was Interest, and not me, they address'd. I resolv'd sincerely to serve them; I recommended them to all I knew, and would let no Day pass without some Instance of my Friendship; my Heart lay open to their Survey. Never was a more sincere and passionate Friend than I was to these People. Amidst their Caresses I often stole down to *Fulham*, to be sweetly lost

in that Garden ; but every Time I went I saw Mr. C ——— and his Wife in Tears, as if unable to support my Absence. How was I obliged and deceived ! often in Pity to their Intreaties, I stay'd in Town longer than I wish'd.

In their House were some Ladies entertaining enough.—One was an old Beauty, who had yet fine Remains, and Wit and Art enough to supply the Loss Bloom ; she had a Daughter with her, a fine and very lovely Woman, who then mourned a faithless Lover. I found Pride and Anger had a greater Share than Tendernefs.—She had been once the favourite Mistress of C——k the Chamberlain ; the *Atalantis* gives a full Account of this Pair, their extravagant Passion, and sudden Disagreement. She sigh'd indeed incessantly, but I more than fear, it was for a gilded Chariot, and all the fine Things she had lost in her Lover ; yet, methought, I pity'd her restless Nights and melancholy Days, and gave her all the little Comfort I cou'd ; now she no longer wants it, and has found in a new Lover all she mourn'd in the old.

Her

Her Mother, who had out-lived the tender Part of Love, was very entertaining ; she wou'd sometimes, wittily enough, ridicule its Torments. Amongst this Company I pass'd many agreeable Evenings ; and about this Time it happened, I was obliged to make some Stay in Town, in order to compleat an Affair of my Brother's : I was to lay down some Money for him, which I had offered.

This was an unlucky Stay for me. One Morning I saw Mrs. C—y by my Bedside in Tears, which of all Things move me most. For God's Sake, says I, my Friend, what is the Matter, and why do you afflict me ? if there is any thing in my Power, freely command me ; I live but to serve my Friends. She very handsomely thank'd me, and told me, that Morning some Demands were made on her Husband, for Debts of hers in her former Husband's Time contracted ; that she feared he must be ruined for them ; unless some Friend would lay down the Money.

I am glad, says I, Madam, this is all ; pray accept these Lottery-Tickets,

which I have happily by me for your Service; they will sell for two hundred Pounds; and I shall rejoice if this, or all I can command, will make you easy. I gave her the Tickets out of my Pocket, which she received with Transport, after a thousand Flatteries. The Joy I had in serving these People is not to be expressed so easily, as felt by your most generous Mind; they were less nobly pleased, and I envy them not their mean Joy.

I never thought of taking any Security, nor of demanding a Payment till I wanted the Money again, which is to this Moment unpaid. Nothing but Joy and Civility was seen in this Family, till Love flew over it with his Wing, and shadow'd this Scene.

The Painter was a Man of Wit and Address, and had Art enough to engage a Substance as well as express a Shadow. As I was one Day sitting for my Picture, how was I surprized to see the Artist at my Feet imploring my Pity. I was dumb with Wonder at this Change, and could only bid him rise; but

but he continued to kneel, and talked of Love with the Air of Distraction.

I rose from my Seat, and left him pursuing me on his Knees, when his Wife entered the Room; she seemed surprized, but I have too much Reason to fear this Plot was laid between them, from their future Baseness.

He rose in some Disorder, and I left the Room, to let them adjust this Affair. I would not leave the House rudely, but after Dinner pretended I was obliged to go into the Country on Business, and would sometime soon return. The Gentleman implored my Pardon, and the Wife herself seemed to intreat for him, and laid this Misfortune on my Charms as they called them. In fine, I left this Family, and never after would lie in their House, though I continued to serve them. In some Months they took above five hundred Pounds of my Friends, but yet could they never forgive my Coolness.

See, my Adorable! what Dangers waited on my Innocence. From that Time they were hardly my Friends, vex'd with their Disappointment; but

as I had done wondering at the Falseness of these People, another Misfortune threatened me.

A Relation of mine, a Man of Fortune and Distinction in *Ireland*, came to *England*; his first Visit was to me. He was old, but perfectly well-bred, good natur'd, and polite, and what the World called a fine Gentleman. The near Relation he had to my Family, where he us'd to be always, when in Town, made me look on him like a kind of Parent, and he treated me always like his Child. My dear Brother had received a thousand Favours from him in *Ireland*, where he was one of the Lords Justices. He had been a good successful Courtier in the Reigns of King *Charles* and King *James*, and had married a Daughter of Chancellor *Hyde's*, which rais'd him more Ways than one. His Lady had her Gallantries, which ended in parting.

I give you, my darling Love, a little Sketch of this Lover, for so he soon became.

He was so kind to concern himself in my paying the Money for my Brother,

and

X Lady Frances Hyde 2^d dau of earl of Clarendon married Tho^s Knightley of Hartingfordbury in Herts. M^r of the Bedchamber at the coronation of Ch^s II.

and seeing it laid out to his Advantage. I thought myself happy in such a Friend; I was often at his House, his Coach and Servants were ever ready to attend me; he was so well received in all Places, that his Relations made no ill Figure. One Day I was returning my Thanks with all the Gratitude I cou'd, when I observed he changed Colour, and after a deep Sigh, said, Wou'd to Heaven, my most lovely and dear Child, you had Reason to thank me!—Wou'd I were only a Friend, but I am—oh! forgive me, I am a Lover, a designing artful one, pursuing your Youth, and endeavouring to steal the sweet Innocence I should defend; but oh! you must pity, or I must die. Not all the Experience of my Life, not all the Falshoods of Women, not my Wife, not my Age, can secure me against you. I am undone unless I can be yours. I reproach myself, but to what Purpose? While I look on you, all the Flames of my Youth burst out anew, and I perish. Your Softness, your Good-nature, your Modesty, your Person, must, if possible, be mine. A-
mi st

as I had done wondering at the Falsehood of these People, another Misfortune threatened me.

A Relation of mine, a Man of Fortune and Distinction in *Ireland*, came to *England*; his first Visit was to me. He was old, but perfectly well-bred, good natur'd, and polite, and what the World called a fine Gentleman. The near Relation he had to my Family, where he us'd to be always, when in Town, made me look on him like a kind of Parent, and he treated me always like his Child. My dear Brother had received a thousand Favours from him in *Ireland*, where he was one of the Lords Justices. He had been a good successful Courtier in the Reigns of King *Charles* and King *James*, and had married a Daughter of Chancellor *Hyde's*, which rais'd him more Ways than one. His Lady had her Gallantries, which ended in parting.

I give you, my darling Love, a little Sketch of this Lover, for so he soon became.

He was so kind to concern himself in my paying the Money for my Brother,

and

X Lady Frances Hyde 2^d dau of earl of Clarendon married Tho^s Knightley of Hartingfordbury in Herts. M^r of the Bath at the coronation of Ch^r II.

and seeing it laid out to his Advantage. I thought myself happy in such a Friend; I was often at his House, his Coach and Servants were ever ready to attend me; he was so well received in all Places, that his Relations made no ill Figure. One Day I was returning my Thanks with all the Gratitude I cou'd, when I observed he changed Colour, and after a deep Sigh, said, Wou'd to Heaven, my most lovely and dear Child, you had Reason to thank me!—Wou'd I were only a Friend, but I am—oh! forgive me, I am a Lover, a designing artful one, pursuing your Youth, and endeavouring to steal the sweet Innocence I should defend; but oh! you must pity, or I must die. Not all the Experience of my Life, not all the Falshoods of Women, not my Wife, not my Age, can secure me against you. I am undone unless I can be yours. I reproach myself, but to what Purpose? While I look on you, all the Flames of my Youth burst out anew, and I perish. Your Softness, your Good-nature, your Modesty, your Person, must, if possible, be mine. A-
mist

midst these Words he embraced me so ardently, that my Youth could hardly break from his Arms. I was astonish'd and griev'd at this Discovery, having ever imputed this Relation's Tenderness for me to Good-nature and Friendship. After some Moments Silence, What, says I, dear Sir, have I done, to deserve the Grief you now give me? If I am so unhappy to please you, punish—punish me by seeing me no more; fly from this unlucky Person, and forget her. But Love was deaf as well as blind. Whilst I was speaking, he was laying a thousand tender Schemes. Oh suffer me, says he, my dear Angel, to carry you into *Ireland*; where it will be in my Power to make you as fortunate as you can make me blest. You may live with my Sister, or if with me, who can accuse us? My Age, my Behaviour, and our near Relation, will defend us from Censure. You are alone in the World, and may possibly be one Day tempted to bless one who adores you less. I was so much perplex'd that I left him, and retir'd into another Room, where I shed a thousand Tears for this Conquest,

Conquest, and resolved to hide myself from this Lover.

I retired to *Fulham* without taking Leave, whilst Mr. *R.* was looking over the whole Town for me. He sought amongst all my Friends for me. At last, almost distracted, he came down to *Fulham*, where he found his Fugitive. I could not persuade him to return to *London*, though he had continual Interest at Court to pursue. Nor would I suffer him to be in the same House with me. He took a Lodging as near as possible, in a little Cottage. How resolute, how humble is Love! It would have been a kind of Farce for his Brother Justice to have seen him sighing in bare Walls, who had been indulged in all the Pleasures and Grandeurs of a Court, and happy in its chief Beauties. He has often protested to me, he was better pleased to wander in our artless Garden with me, than with all the past Scenes of his Life. But I often forsook him here, for his Love grew tiresome to me; and he was soon recalled into *Ireland*. Never did I see a Heart more afflicted than his at leaving me. The hurry of Business, and the Pains of hope-
less

112 *Secret Memoirs, &c.*

less Love, finish'd his Days in *Ireland*, from whence he often writ to me a thousand tender Invitations, but I still refus'd them. He had a polite gentle way of Writing, which I have rarely met with, but had in his Youth been too much abandon'd to Women of little Sense and Virtue, his Mind had else been more adorn'd. He was a faithful Friend, a passionate Lover, and the best Relation I ever saw. I own I lamented his Death, and wrote something on it like this :

*Oh where are now thy amorous Fires,
And all thy Train of soft Desires ?
Thy tender Schemes forgotten rest,
Thy silent Heart sleeps in thy Breast.
It springs no more to hear my Voice,
Nor can it sorrow, or rejoice.
Thy Arms no more will fold my Waist,
Nor tremble to be close embrac'd.*

*Happy art thou, Death overpast,
Which rolls upon my Youth so fast.
Ev'n whilst I write my Sands decline,
They fall, and soon will mix with thine.
A few short Years and I shall be
Cold as thy Tomb, and all unmov'd as thee.*

After

After the Exile of this Gentleman, I rested some time from Lovers. I was fond of this Repose, too sweet and soft to last.

My beloved Brother, who from *Ireland* was settled in *Spain*, sent me his Picture by a particular Friend of his, of whom he wrote me the best Character in the World. They had been Fellow-Prisoners together, which had created an uncommon Dearness between them.

This Gentleman brought me the Picture, and I received him as one loved by my darling Brother; but I was at that time so intirely given up to Reading, that I little observed his Person, on which I had no Manner of Design; but his Soul, it seems, was fill'd with softer Sentiments, and felt for me such Tenderness that it could neither express nor hide.

When he first did me the Favour of a Visit, he found me in the Garden beneath the great Tree, which my Charmer has honoured with his Regard. My Dress was plain and rural as possible; for then I had no Thought of pleasing, nor a Wish to be much beloved; yet has he protested to me that this Carelessness undid

undid him more than all Art could have done, which I was far from dreaming of then. We took a Survey of our Garden, which he very civilly prais'd. I did not remark any Disorders in him till some time after this. I wou'd fain present him, my Angel, to your View; but Time has borne the Image of him from my Mind, that it's possible I should not do it Justice.

He was tall, but not of the divine Height so lovely in you; his Limbs were robust, and wanted the Delicacy of your's, but manly and proper for *Mars*, to whom they had been devoted. He was genteel, as his Strength would suffer him to be. His Features were strong and lively, and spread over with a good Humour that had some Charms. He was generous, and esteemed very well bred. His Soul was suited to his Person; he had Sense, but not too refined. His Hours had been divided between Love and War; the latter had not allowed him Leisure to approach the other as he ought; rather he had seiz'd his Pleasures than intreated them, or rather they had never reach'd his Soul. He was a Stranger to the divine
Tender-

Tenderness of a Lover, and at first but a rude Scholar in that heavenly Science. He visited me very often, I knew not why, nor did I think much about it. Sometimes I mourn'd to resign my ador'd *Shakespeare*, for his Company.

I imputed his repeated Visits to the Friendship he had for my Brother, but at last they were so long, and so frequent, I knew not what to think; nor could I help observing his Face grown pale, his Voice faint, and all his Manner changed. He often complained of having been ill since he saw me, which was now every Day. I never saw any Man so alter'd. He was naturally, as I have said, bold and assur'd, but was now grown silent, tender, and a kind of Coward.

One Day, as we were sitting together, I perceiv'd his Colour change, and his whole Frame disorder'd, more than usual. I rose to call some Assistance, but ere they could come, his Spirits were lost, and he seem'd dying; but we recover'd him again. While his Senses were thus confus'd, we heard him groan, and saw the Tears flow from his Eyes as they were clos'd. I own I was touch'd at this Sight, though I knew not my self

self the Cause. As soon as he was a little recover'd, and the Servants retir'd, with the Tears still flowing, he intreated my Pardon. I am miserable, says he, but I thought of dying, rather than of troubling you ; but my Soul has not obey'd me ; it lingers in this unhappy Body, 'till it has deserv'd or begg'd your Pity. Oh I die for you ! regard me as the most passionate and most sincere of all Men. I have endeavour'd to suppress this Passion, but see it has subdued me ! Smile on me, and I will live ! Pardon my odd Address ; I have not been used to intreat, and perhaps appear less tender and respectful than I mean to show myself ; — but my Senses are not yet return'd. Here he sigh'd for some Moments, and seem'd intirely devoted to Grief. I fear'd a Relapse, and with all the Gentleness my Surprise permitted, intreated him to walk back to the House. He rose, and leaning on my Arm, I convey'd him home. But the whole Evening was pass'd in Sighs and Tears on his Part, and cold Civility on mine. He left me that Night, and returned early the next Morning, nor ever left me for some Months after.

Some-

Sometimes he lay in the next House, and sometimes in the Town, but seldom went to *London*, where he was said to be dead or married.

He was a Man of a very large Fortune, and one of the best and noblest Families in *Ireland*. He had a very happy Interest in the present Government, and in a fair Way of being what he pleas'd. But what was this to me? my Soul languish'd after something more lovely.

My Friends surrounded me, with Intreaties to marry him; he bribed their Interest, and made such Offers of Settlements as would have tempted the Mercenary. He implored in publick, and did all the Extravagances a Lover cou'd. I heard him with Pity, but no Love; but he had Hopes in Time to soften my Soul, since he saw it disengaged; and indeed I believe I had married him to please the World, had not his Affairs press'd him to *Ireland*. He left me with the utmost Anguish, and a Promise to return soon.

In our Acquaintance, he had introduced a Friend to me, whom he held extremely dear; and whom he made his
Con-

Confidant in his Passion for me. He was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, devoted to the lightest Part of Love, and had convers'd with those that knew not to please above a Day ; he had a Passion to charm, and when he had succeeded, he soon forgot the Obliger.

This Gentleman I had laugh'd with, and meant no more, for I saw his Soul was not capable of a tender or lasting Passion. He had foolishly and meanly confess'd the Names of some who had made him happy, which I used to receive with Scorn, and repaid still with dull Advice of Constancy, a Thing he knew little of ; Truth was not his Element ; but the honest Heart of my Lover was laid open to his View, who was as unreserved as this was artful. It has often created my Wonder there could be any great Friendship between such different Souls.

Mr. B——s at his leaving *England*, most tenderly recommended me to the Care of his Friend, and beg'd to be every Day informed of my Health, which was then much disordered ; the other gave a thousand Promises of guarding the Treasure of his Soul ; but he was no sooner

sooner in possession of his Charge, than he endeavoured to betray it ; first, by a thousand little Arts that wore the Face of Friendship ; and after, by an assured Declaration of Love ; nor did it suffice to speak his own Passion without ridiculing his Friend, trying to expose every little Fault, even the Dulness of trusting him. Did not Mr. B——, says this Creature, know how I adored you ? yes, he saw my Eyes speak it, and every Action : nay, I have told him of it most sincerely, and desired his Excuse if I preferred my Happiness to his. See, he leaves me to your Pity, nay, he loves me so, he would intreat for me, and means to serve me by his Absence.

I cannot express, my only Blessing, how my Soul was affronted, and disdained this Trifler. If I ever felt any Tendernefs for Mr. B——, it was to find him thus betray'd. I left him with a Look of Disdain, nor ever more wou'd receive him as a Friend. Imagine his Pride so disappointed, and contriving to revenge itself. An Occasion offered soon after—too soon.

Oh !

Oh! forgive me, my heavenly Charmer, if I pause here a little, to gather Force to continue my Life in this approaching Scene; the most unlucky Turn of it, for which I eternally must lament. I was now blest'd with Youth, Freedom, and Friends, but without knowing the true Value of these Blessings.

There was an unfortunate Friend of Mr. Cenny's who had failed in Town, and was come to *Fulham* to make up his Affairs. He had many who assisted and visited him in his Retirement; but the chief and most civil was Mr. S——; who was then, indeed, what the World calls a pretty Gentleman, and what I thought so. His Face was lively and handsome, and his Manner very civil. He was not in perfect Health, having languished long with an Ague; but he had something in him that I more than liked, which was improved by his liking me. There was a Beauty methoughts in his Care of the Unfortunate, and some in his Love for me, which he shew'd from the first Moment I saw him. My Thoughts had been long disengag'd; nor was it a Wonder they should now

take

So I was
and had been
the first
200

take a softer Turn. He was ever near me, and employ'd all the Arts of a Lover to engage me ; and what of Entertainment his own Mind was not adorned with, he found for me in some Amusement. He presented me with Books and Musick, and whatsoever he saw my Soul fond of, till it grew so of him ; yet even then, when Gratitude mingled with Affection, and both were inspired by Retirement, there wanted much of that noble burning Passion I now find for my adored Charmer.—Mine was tender Inclination, rather than Adoration, as my Soul shew'd in its Letters, where it is ever truly painted. Oh God, how different are they from what my Heart has pour'd out to you its divine Master ! They abounded with Thanks, or a gentle Civility, but no Transports or Torments ; those only are sacred to you. But could even the Warmth I then had been sustained with its first Beauty, it was enough to have sweeten'd Life. But oh, how few have your godlike Art of improving Love, or being eternally dear ! Who but you can grow upon the Soul ! Who but you can seize it with sweet Violence, that it can receive no other
G Object!

Jameson

Object! Mr. S--- rather made a Part of its Happiness than was its all. If a Change had happen'd, if Coldness or Death, I could have lived beyond it; that it is not so now, may the righteous God be witness, who has stamp'd my Soul with such awful Sincerity, such never-fading Truth!

*When at thy sacred Feet I vow my death-
less Flame,
I swear (not by Love's transitory Name,) }
By him that breath'd this Soul, and }
warm'd this Frame :
May he dissolve it whilst my Tongue implores,
And my charm'd Heart religiously adores,
If it in Life or Death has any View,
But to be lov'd (sweet Soul of Love) by you.*

Never did my Passion arrive to this Extreme : before rather it delighted than pain'd me ; for I must confess, with everlasting Gratitude, Mr. S— deserv'd a very tender Regard. His Love was mix'd with Friendship, and I believe he never sincerely sigh'd but for me.

His Education had been good, but not noble, which was his chief Misfortune; the polite Part of the World had

had not fallen in the Compass of his View. His Days had been sacrificed to the morose God of Business, and his Nights to the wanton God of unrefin'd Pleasure, which had not given his Mind that Delicacy of Taste as I wish: 'tis this I lament even now, and is the sad Occasion of many unhappy Hours. Alas! the generous Soul is not to be hir'd, but to be eternally woo'd and charm'd; I have a thousand Obligations to Mr. S--- but I would receive them as Marks of his tender Affection, not as Badges of Slavery, to bind me down to mean Servitude, such as he expects. But to return to our happy Hours, the Holidays of Love. I was then happy, and deservedly so; I was devoted to his Tender-ness, and willing to yield to it my Heart and Time. He was ever with me, nor had I Leisure or Inclination to receive any other.

I have already told my divine Lover Mr. B---s was in *Ireland*, and not beloved when in *England*, and now less than ever; I forgot, or rather never had truly remembered him. His disappointed Friend was glad to aggravate my Cold-

ness to him : Revenge had made him a faithful Spy. He informed Mr. B—s, for whom he was neglected, but with so much Malice, that it almost distracted this poor Gentleman ; he hastened over, and left his Friends and Affairs in the utmost Confusion ; so indiscreet is Jealousy !

He waited not to refresh himself after his Voyage, nor almost for the Winds to bring him, but the Night he came to Town hurried to *Fulham*. Love and Grief had not added to his Beauty, and my Heart was filled with a sweeter Image ; my Coldness was increased, and I fear I received him too indifferently ; he was pale and all unlovely, and his Words in very improper Order, or rather none at all. I am come, Madam, says he, to charge you with my Distraction, and my Death ; but first I will be revenged of him who has robbed me of you. I know his Name, and where to find him. He need, poor Gentleman, but have looked into my Heart. To imagine Mr. S— was in any Danger, and for my Sake only, increased my Regard. I coldly told Mr. B ——— s, I should not account to him, nor his Friend, for my Conduct ; that I would give myself where I pleased.

He

He behaved much like a Madman, and left me, as I feared, to find out Mr. S—. It was then I found that I regarded him more than I imagined; I flew to Town, and intreated his Care of himself for my Sake. Never did any Heart appear more charmed and grateful than his; and promised an everlasting Acknowledgment of the Sacrifice I made him.

See me, my guardian Angel, dealing away my Interest, and the most faithful Lover, to giddy Inclination, whose phantastick Fires had seized on my Heart. It was now I wanted your divine Assistance and Counsel in this important Moment of my Life. I had no prudent Friend to advise me, and Love was a fatal Counsellor; he presented these two Gentlemen in such false Lights, that my little Discretion was easily misled. Mr. B——s was certainly the most sincere of all Men, and truly generous; he was unskilled in the little Flatteries of Love, for his Soul was all Truth and Honour. I lament I lavished away this faithful Lover; I had not then Compassion enough for what I made him suffer; my Coldness and Neglect almost cost him his

G 3

Life.

Life. He often visited me, but his Passion and Grief were too strong to let him appear agreeable. It is strange, the more I saw him the more I forgot him. Love and Jealousy made him do, and say, a thousand odd Things: He disguised himself like a Porter to run on Love's Errand, and waited at the *Temple* to watch my going in with a Design of murdering me, or Mr. S ——. Love had made him a Kind of *Othello*. He used sometimes to write me very tender Letters, full of Complaints, but mixed with such Distractions that I trembled to read them. One Day he intreated me to see him, to preserve his Life, for he had sworn neither to eat nor drink till he saw me. He had died away at Court, and had but just recovered Sense to write to me.

I went and found him, indeed, dying, as I feared; his Face was pale as Death, and his Eyes sunk, his Hands trembling, and his Soul almost going. This melancholy Sight struck me with the utmost Compassion; I wept for his sad Condition, and implored him to live for a Heart more worthy of him. In obedience to me he received some Nourishment, and
from

from that Day grew a little better. What did not this poor Gentleman suffer for me? Oh! I have tasted his Torments since, and have languished with his Pains. I prevailed on him at last to return to his native Air, where his Health slowly recovered. He left me with a half-broken Heart; he struggled long with this unhappy Passion; he returned to *England*, again to solicit it, but in vain; my Inclinations were more strongly engaged, for the fear of losing me made Mr. S--- doubly assiduous; no Day past without giving me new Proofs of his Devotion; he devoted himself intirely to my Pleasures, and grew more a Lover than you wou'd imagine.

He had a little retired House near *Windsor*, where I used to pass many very happy Moments. Nothing could be more romantickly sweet than this Place; it seemed formed for Love, far from Noise or Business. The Gentleman it had belonged to was a fine Painter, he had spread the Ceilings and Wainscot with *Cupids*; every Room had some soft Device.

*Here lovely Venus her Adonis griev'd,
Here her fair Bosom with Distraction heav'd,
While mourning Cupids bending o'er their
Darts,
Gave dying Looks to the fair Queen of Hearts.
The artful Pencil kindles soft Desire,
And warms the Wishes with a dangerous
Fire,
Th' attending Lover sees the Passion rise,
Watches the heaving Breast and streaming
Eyes;
Pours in his sighs, when the dissolving Heart
Gives way; and no Reserve to take its Part.*

Whilst we lived in this sweet Solitude, a Friend of Mr. S—— came to give him a Visit. There had been a very long and firm Friendship between them. This Gentleman was not young, but a Man of plain good Sense, and happy enough in his Person and Fortune. He had been formerly what they call a Man amongst the Ladies, which had left a little Vanity behind, yet not enough to make him disagreeable. Mr. S—— received him with much Joy, and presented him to me; my Thoughts were at this Time so much engaged, I hardly regarded this Stranger,

Stranger, at least very coldly; but he had the Misfortune to look on me with other Eyes.

From that Day, which was fatal to his Quiet, he became a faithful Lover, and an unhappy one; for his Honour prevented his imploring my Pity, but by Sighs and Looks. Love is not always blind, Mr. S—— discovered his Friend's Disorder, and grew concerned at it. One Day he took him into the Garden, and there told him his Fears; the other very generously confessed his Passion, and in such a Manner, that Mr. S—— almost pitied him; and assured him he would resign any thing but me to his Quiet. This was an ill-timed Compliment, for nothing would make Mr. A——s happy, but the only Thing he cou'd not part with. He coldly thanked Mr. S——, and affirmed to him, he would conceal his Misery from me, whatever he suffered, and sacrifice his Love to Friendship and Honour. Indeed he was faithful to his Word, tho' I believe no Lover ever endured more to keep it. I always avoided being alone with him, fearing to hear what I too plainly saw; therefore I hastened Mr. S—— to leave that delightful

G 5

Place,

Place, and return to *Fulham*. But I shall never forget the extreme Grief Mr. A—s discovered at parting. I have heard him since protest, his Soul was then torn from him, and that no Time can heal the Wound.

He has indeed been a very faithful Friend to me ever since, and done me a thousand kind Offices, tho' Hope was lost. He has undergone the Anguish of intreating for another, whilst he was dying himself; he has often brought me Letters from Mr. S ———, which he would trust no other with; he has delivered them with Sighs, and I have often seen the Tears burst from his Eyes; which he has charged on Friendship, and said proceeded from the Pity he had for Mr. S ——. He has often conducted me with a breaking Heart to these Chambers, and been as miserable as Jealousy and Despair could make him. But Time, I hope, the soft Healer of all Distresses, has been a Friend to him, for I delight not in giving Misery.

Whilst the Hours flew on smoothly as I could wish them, an Adventure presented itself which served but for an Amusement. In my Leisure Days, which were

were but few at that Time, I used to ride out, or sometimes go up the River. ---I was waiting one Day for a Boat at the Water-side, when one put into our Stairs, which had only one Gentleman in it, to whom I found it belonged, and who very civilly offered it me. Mrs. Moor and I jumped into the Boat, and were very gay all the Way to *Richmond*. I never indeed was merrier in my Life; I had none of my present Cares, but was devoted to the God of Laughter; nor was the Gentleman more serious; he made Love, but in a trifling Manner.

He was a perfect *Cupid* in Beauty, fair as a *Venus*, and well-shap'd; his Face could engage the Eye for a Minute, but no more. At Landing he very civilly waited on us to *Kew*, where I was to stay some Hours; I took leave, as I hoped, for ever; for I was grown a little weary of him already, nor was he a Kind of Man formed to charm my Soul.

When I came to *Richmond*, in the Evening I found him there; he left all his Company to attend on me all Night; we danc'd together, and laugh'd again; tho' he seem'd to put on a more serious Air

Air on his Part. The next Day I went back to *Fulham*, and had not been there many Hours, when my new Lover appeared to me. I cannot say the Sight was pleasing to me; I was sick of his Beauties, and languished by that Time to be alone.

The very thinking of Mr. S— was more agreeable to me than this new Substance. He staid some Hours, and from that Day, for many Months, eternally solicited, but in vain; my Heart had no Inclination for him; he wrote tenderly and well, but nothing pleased me truly that he did or said; his Temper was as sweet as his Person, but he could not charm me; Ill Success was so new to this Gentleman he could not bear it. His Health began to languish, the Roses and the Lillies faded away, and at last he grew pale as the dying *Adonis*.

I wanted Love for this lovely Object, but not Compassion; I went to him in Town, as he intreated, and found all his Relations weeping round him; he was in the most violent Fever I ever saw, but still handsome. I could not see him dying, and for me, without suffering some of his Illness. The Care I show'd

X Mr. Heywood, notwithstanding in who, from disgust at Cleo's impudence, rejected her most lascivious advances.

in seeing him sometimes recovered him again, much to my Wish. When he was well enough to bear it, I advised him against his inconsiderate Passion, and generously repeated what I had often told him, how deeply I was engaged to Mr. S—. I entreated him to think of me but as a Friend, or rather to forget me, who had, tho' innocently, wounded his Repose. This was a very severe Lesson to a young and passionate Lover. But Time will conquer all Things; I forbore seeing him, and withdrew myself gently from his Correspondence, and at last I believe he ceas'd to be unhappy. He married a Woman of Quality, Beauty and Fortune, who was charm'd with him, tho' I was not. 'Tis not long since I saw him at *Hampstead*, where he, sighing, told me, no Change of Fortune could restore his Quiet, tho' he had try'd even Beauty, Time, and Marriage; he implored me to give him an Evening to paint his Misery, but I would never see him unless by Chance.

After I had dropt this Lover, I grew much easier; Mr. S— still visited me, and I still preferred him to the rest of the World.

At

At this Time I had a Friend, who was very agreeable and dear to me, at *Parsons-Green*, Mother to the present Dutcheſs of *Bolton*: I need not then ſay ſhe was a Woman of Gallantry, or rather had been ſo; but there appeared ſome Beauty to me, in chooſing the moſt lovely Man in the World, the unfortunate Duke of *Monmouth*; he wanted your divine Soul, oh! heavenly *Hillarius*, to render him completely charming. This Lady was a Woman of Wit, ſhe had been Maid of Honour and a Beauty, her Mind was ſtill handſome; ſhe uſed to entertain me with all the paſt Gallantries of the Age ſhe had ſhone in; ſhe had read very much, and was a very accompliſh'd Woman. She favoured me with her tendereſt Friendſhip. She had a Son in the Army, a very pretty agreeable Man in his Perſon and Manners, but had not his Mother's Soul; he wanted that Senſe and Flame, which made her Converſation ſo ſweet; yet was he thought, by the Ladies, a moſt amiable Man; and fought by them extremely.

I often ſaw this Gentleman at his Mother's, where I paſſed whole Days with him, but without thinking of him as a

+ Eleanor daughter of Mr Robert I. Over
of Lambeth in co. Surrey. had a daughter
by James D. of Monmouth - ſhe was named
Elizabeth Croſes and was the 3^d wife of
Charles 2^d of Bolton

Lover; at last I found he thought of me more tenderly than I wished. He was eternally there, nor could I avoid his seeing me Home on Nights, it being often late, when I left his Mother. In these Walks he used to discover his Passion, and not ungracefully, though unsuccessfully; for still Mr. S— possess'd my Inclinations. He often formed Excuses and Messages to see me at home, till at last Mr. S— grew uneasy, and I ceased going to *Parsons-Green*, or being at Home when Mr. *Crofts* came.

I found it no easy Matter to free myself from this Lover; he was a Soldier, and not soon repulsed. Had not my Heart been so far engaged, I know not where it could have reposed better, for his Temper was faithful and sweet, and I have seen few in the World more engaging, till I beheld your heavenly Beauties, and your all-superior Graces.

I endeavoured to avoid all Trouble of this Kind, having neither Pleasure nor Design in them, but found it impossible. Love was minded to amuse himself at the Expence of my Ease; in those Hours I found him an arrant Boy, always playing one foolish Trick or other.

In

In our mighty Town, there was newly arrived a Country 'Squire, or rather he was a Mixture between a Fox-hunter and an abandoned Rake. He used to pass the Night in Noise, and the Day in Murder, destroying all the poor Animals round the Place. He was very handsome, and I may say his Form was rather fine; I have often wondered it would receive or indure such a Soul; he had been successful with all his Tenant's Daughters, and believed no Mortal could resist his Beauties; he meant to carry all Women before him, as he did the poor Birds and Beasts. He had a very large Estate, and where his Person failed, that was to conquer.

I saw this Conqueror [not of Hearts] first at Church, where he fixed his Eyes on me, as a proper Prey, many Sundays; at last he grew weary of this distant Wooing, and resolved to be introduced right or wrong. He forced a Neighbour of ours to bring him into the Garden, where he hoped to see me, as it really happened he did. I never was more displeased at the Sight of any Mortal, for I had a most terrible Idea of him. But 'tis in the divine Power of tender Inclination

clination to refine all Things. He addressed me in a much better Manner than I could have imagined, and my Fears grew less. As we walked, I found him a good conversable Brute, and had Love trained him early, he would have made no ill Scholar. He was well-shaped, and genteel in Spight of Education; polite Conversation would have made him very charming; but I had neither Leisure, nor indeed Merit enough, intirely to refine him. After this he was as constant a Tenant of our Shade as the Trees themselves, nor was he disagreeable to me. I used to preach to him, and he avowed a Reformation. He no longer conversed with his loose or mercenary Mistresses, but offered them all up to religious Love.

The Town was alarmed at his Change, and little else was talked of but the converted Mr. *H——n*. He said his Prayers decently; and amongst Women forbore to talk of his Dogs, and Horses, and strong Beer, which he used to boast were all the stoutest in the Country.

Love made a meer Saint of him; he read the softest Poets, who before only rose to *Durfey*. At last he grew the
Dar-

Darling of our Corporation. He was grown so polite he studied a thousand little Presents, such as the Season afforded, and offered them with a very good Grace; he grew modest and silent, from Roaring and Ranting. I was pleased enough with my Pupil, and have past many agreeable Hours with him. I even made him a kind of Poet; in Absence, he wrote Verse, which did not want Spirit or Softness, but Numbers. I have laugh'd at his Letters beyond Measure. I have not seen him lately, so fear he is relapsed again. His Business called him into the Country, where we will leave him.

I was now *Sola* in our Garden, and a happy Wanderer there, unless I made short Visits in our Town.

At the large House that looks over our Garden, was a Clergyman of fine Sense, who loved Books and Musick; he was a *Swede*, but spoke some *English*, and admirable *French*. I was happy in the Conversation of this Gentleman, who made Solitude very charming to me. In him Religion, Learning, Love and good Manners, sweetly met together; he tenderly loved me, but in the Way the Refiner does the Diamond, to polish and

and refine it; he brightened my Soul, and adorned it with Discourses of his heavenly Master, and the Charms of Goodness. Our Evenings were past in this improving Manner, till he went back to *Sweden*. I first lost by Absence, and next by Death, this ever-to-be-valued Friend; I could still weep over his Memory. After his Loss, I became more grave and retired; my Soul mourned this heavenly Companion, and languished for Society, while Fortune was contriving something to torment me, lest my Solitude should grow too sweet.

There came to visit me a Friend of our Family's, and mine, who had been very tender to my childish Hours, and now came to renew her Friendship; with her was an elderly Lady, who had the lovely Remains of past Beauty, and was still agreeable; her Conversation seem'd entertaining and friendly. With these two Ladies was a young Gentleman of about nineteen, genteel and gay; he had a sweet Voice, and sung to us very sweetly. I little dreamed Love meant this Youth to disturb my Moments. His Mother from that Day contracted an appearing Esteem for me. Which soon grew

grew to a Fondness. She endeavoured to find Lodgings in the Town near me, but could provide none nearer than *Putney*. I was every Day with her, and sometimes staid many Days at her Lodgings; they were new and obliging to me, and I began to think myself happier than ever. The young Gentleman behaved with peculiar Respect, and I saw something in him I thought I lik'd; I know not what it was; we were ever together, and his Mother seemed pleased we should be so. I had the Regard of a Parent for him, and he looked on me with a Kind of Duty. 'Tis Love broke these Measures, and taught to wish and sigh for unreasonable Happiness; my Complaisance and Pity gave him strange Hopes, which he knew not how to govern. He was uneasy still to be nearer, yet had not fine Sense enough to know the Soul must be first approach'd, and with the utmost Tendernefs and Delicacy. He had never seen any thing but his Lady Mother, or his School-Mistress. Sighs and Tears were *Hebrew* to him, nor could he understand how greatly Love rewards his Adorers. He was young, obstinate, irregular and vain,
but

but yet 'twas certain he was mine. He abandoned his Books, his Friends, his Amusements, for me ; and in Return, I gave him my Company, my Pity and Instruction. Never had Love a ruder, yet more faithful Scholar.

He was eternally pressing his Mother to leave the Place where they were, and found a thousand Faults with it ; tho' it had, indeed, no other but its Distance from me. The Water divided us, yet could not suppress the Flames of this young Bosom.

He perplex'd his Mother to take Lodgings next Door to me, which, at last, her Love for him inclined her to ; nor did she then foresee the Mischiefs this would create. My young Lover still grew more enamoured, and fond to Distraction, but it became a cruel Passion to him that felt it, and me that created it ; every Parting grew insupportable to him, he could not leave me one Moment, tho' Friends or Business called, and would break out into such Disorders, that good Manners would blush for him. In vain I advis'd him to Softness, to Respect, which alone could make him dear to me. We eternally quarrell'd. I retired from
the

the World, but some Part of it pursued me, which made him distracted; my Life became uneasy to me, and I found Compassion had chained me down to an Oar, from which I could not easily break. It was my Tenderness, not my Soul, was now engaged. Every Day shewed me some fatal Consequence of the false Step I had made. I wish'd to retreat, and often broke loose to Town Freedom. I languish'd for, or for a lovely Object, that would sweetly take it from me.

My Soul was melancholy under this Oppressor, who knew not its Softness, nor its Value; it sought to amuse itself. Mr. S— was taken up with dull Business. He was ever dear to me, but his Passion did not take care to keep its first Beauty, dully believing he had engaged and secured my Heart. Alas, this is not easily done, it requires a thousand tender Cares, and eternal Endearments, of which only my Angel is Master. On the other Hand, Mr. G— was lost in Rage, and rude Jealousy, and I began to be weary of him, or resolved to soften my Chain.

I was often in Town with a Lady who had lodg'd at *Fulham*, an agreeable but dangerous

dangerous Acquaintance. Never did any Lover endeavour to charm more than this Friend. She flattered, she intreated me still to be with her. Her Wit was amuseing, and released me from the duller World; she was still gay, and had been handsome; but was a Coquet to Men, and severe on all Women. She lashed her dearest Friends in Absence, even me, whom she courted as a Goddess.

Her House was seldom empty, her Person drew the Eyes of the Unthinking, and her Flattery the Ears of the Dull; but the most lovely and refined of her Visitors was Mr. C—y, a young Gentleman, whose Soul and Body were engaging. She took care we should meet and like one another, on purpose afterwards to torment us. She took care to blow the Passion she saw kindling in our Souls with a thousand Praises of each other; she talked of every Grace, which I saw too well, but most his Adoration for me. She watched the tender Movements of my Wishes, and threw in her Arts: she left us together, and rejoiced at our present Happiness, in order to make us miserable for the future.

I yet

I yet knew little of the World, or this fair Adder, who wounded me in her Friendship, and was charming me to Ruin; every Day shew'd me some Charm in this lovely Lover; I grew uneasy at his Absence, and sigh'd when forced to return to *Fulham*, where he could not be often. On his Part, his Passion increased, it was too natural to seek Relief from the Object beloved. He sigh'd, he complained; but to one no less unhappy.

Mrs. — rejoiced at our Misery, and now, with a very religious Air, tells me Mr. C—y was engaged, possibly married, to one who loved him, and had been beloved by him; that I should rob this Lady of her Lover and her Life, if I continued to see him, and that Friendship alone made her reveal this. How was I surprized with different Passions, Love, Fear, Shame, and Compassion for the Lady I thought I had injured, whom she artfully praised and pitied!

Poor Mr. C—y all this while dream'd he was fortunate, that Love meant to crown his Wishes. But how was he grieved and surprized to find me cold, angry and changed; at last, sadly and sincerely, I told him what I had heard.

Kneeling

Kneeling he confessed some Part, that he had loved this Lady ; but his Heart was now strongly charm'd to me, whom he must to Death adore ; that he would act with Honour to her, though not Passion. But I had determin'd even to part with this beloved Lover, rather than injure another ; therefore resolved to see him no more. Weeping I left him to return the Vows he seem'd to forget ; but to no Purpose. He returned with no Warmth thither ; she languished and died unbeloved. But alas I was far from rejoicing at this Absence, and Justice had defaced some of that Passion, which sure was never deeply rooted in my Soul. Never did I feel those Pains and Pleasures my lovely Master can give me every Hour.

Without dying, I tore myself from this Lover. Mrs. *P*—— triumphed in her Malice, and to this Moment Mr. *C*—— y still hates her for it. He married a Lady some Years after, of a large Fortune, and has been happy in every Thing but Love. He still remembers me with Passion ; but, oh ! I can have none, but for the ever-adored *Hillarius*.

H

I

I am most devotedly and religiously his,
with all the Affections of my Soul.

*If all Mankind were plac'd before my Eyes,
The present, past, and all that shall here-
after rise,*

*With noble Scorn I'd look whole Nations o'er,
And only fix on him I now adore.*

*All that is charming in his Face appears,
Sweet Wisdom in the Bloom of sprightly
Years.*

*For Adoration every Feature made,
Oh! how they charm! oh! God, how they
persuade.*

*With awful Wonder I approach their Charms
With bending, trembling Knees, and longing
Arms,*

*With Extacies that ne'er can be express'd,
But by my dying Eyes, where my fond Soul's
confess'd.*

Behold me, my lovely Angel, half
free, and wishing to be entirely so, from
the ungentle Soul of my young Lover,
who only used the blessed Moments Love
had lent him, to make himself disagree-
able to me. But we had Intervals of
'Tenderness, when my Pity prevailed
over

over my Pride, by his most humble Submissions.

We often went abroad together, my Lady would not move without me to any Diversions, and indeed I received many Proofs of her Favour. We were invited to pass some Months at the old Lord *Stafford's*, where the Hours passed agreeably enough. There were some Company who had known the World and Courts. Amongst the rest, a Relation of my *Strephon's*, formerly a Maid to King *James's* Queen; she used to furnish my lonely Hours with Books, I found one wrote by Mr. *Bond*; some Things in it pleased my Humour, and I wrote in an empty Leaf my Thoughts of it; which he very obligingly answered. Thus began the Letters, you have honoured with your Praises, which alone makes me proud of them. Alas! I was not then inspired by your divine Beauties, nor by Love, I only was taught by Fancy, and by Solitude and Nature. Oh! survey the tender Things my Passion has sigh'd to you, and confess, oh! lovely Ungrateful, the Difference between cold Friendship and

raging Love, between my adorable Lover, and my unknown Friend.

After some Time I returned to *Fulham* again, where Love soon found a new Amusement for me. A Gentleman and his Wife came to lodge at Mr. *Cenny's*, whom I had before some little Knowledge of, and now was often with. They seemed a good, happy, dull Pair, and I little thought in the Husband to find a Lover, for I then wished for none, but a Rest from Passion.

To avoid the Impertinence of Mr. *G—*, I often withdrew hither, where I was treated with all possible Respect, and intreated still to be. We danc'd, play'd at Cards, and diverted ourselves and the Hours, till Mr. *T—ds* grew suddenly melancholy, which I imputed to Lowness of Spirits and much Study; I knew not his inward Anguish, nor its tender Cause. His Wife complained of his Change of Temper, and I endeavoured to console her. Neither I, says she, nor his Children are dear to him, his Health and Rest is lost. I pitied her Grief, and tried to divert him. I heard him sigh, and saw him disordered, but little thought myself the Occasion. I advis'd them

them to leave that Place, and feared Retirement had bred this Melancholy; they resolved at last on going, but it was on Condition I would accompany them for some Time in Town; which they forc'd me to promise I would, after a thousand Intreaties not to be refused. But I delayed it as long as I could, not caring to receive such Civilities from Strangers; and indeed hating to give Mr. G — so much pain. The Design of my going had reduced him sometime to the utmost Despair; sometimes to such Outrages that I could not suffer, and which drove me from him, sooner than I cared to go, and left him a Prey to his own rude Passion. A Sigh or a Tear would have retarded me, but Commands and Curses I despised.

In fine, I went with my new Friends, who seemed transported they had me safe, from the Violence of my young Lover. But I had not been many Days in Town, when I perceived an unexpected Coldness in Mrs. T —, which wakened my Apprehension, till I observed whence it proceeded. I then found Love too plainly wrote in the Husband's Face and Actions; he

was eternally near me, nor could he indure a Chair should divide us.

Not dreaming this would end in Love, I had used myself to be pleased with his Company, and grieved to see I must soon lose it. I always avoided being alone with him, not caring to give Pain. He fought as much to speak with me, and silently with his Eyes complained of my Coldness. One Day I was turning over *Chaucer*, a Book he was very fond of, and there I found my Name with a Complaint beneath it; and some Days after he dropped a Letter, a too tender one, into my Bosom; at last, few Hours past without some Instance of his Passion, then in its most violent Fury.

One Day I was dressing my Head, and much surprized to see Mr. T— behind me, in the Glass, where I observ'd his Face pale. I started, and turned round, equally disordered; he pressed my Hand with a most passionate Look, and a Sigh which spoke for him, and dropped a Letter at my Feet. His Hand felt rather like Death than Love. I feared to hear him speak. Retire, says I, for God's Sake; if you are seen here it will create some Uneasiness to us all.

He

He bow'd and left me, but with a Trouble Words can ill define ; but my Heart has well understood since, from those adorable Charms of yours. The poor Wife grew every Day more uneasy, and the Husband more in Love, therefore I resolved to leave the Place, in hopes both his Passion and her Jealousy would die. But they were not so easily put to death. I let him know my Resolution of leaving his House, where I gave such Pain. He implored, if I would go, to suffer him only to speak to me, and to convey me where I meant to go, if I valued his Life. I left Mrs. T --- as civilly as I could ; but he watched my going, at some Place in the Neighbourhood, and flew after the Coach, and leaped into it with more Love than Discretion. We were no sooner out of his Neighbourhood, but he burst into a Flood of Tears; we drove an Hour, hoping he would recover himself, but in vain; he sigh'd and wept still more, and at that Moment I believe he endured all the Love and Sorrow his Soul could sustain.

My Concern, tho' it did not flow into my Eyes, was not less sincere. I implored him to be comforted, and assured

H 4 him,

him, by leaving his House, I meant not to leave the Friendship I had for him, but to make his Family easy. Oh God ! says he, lovely *Clio*, do you prefer their Rest to mine ? how can I live without you ? Love and Grief would not permit more Words. I ordered the Coach to stop, and left my poor Lover sad as Death. The next Morning, by Eight o'Clock, he returned, and from that Day, for some Weeks, was twice or thrice every Day with me. But that Hour in the Coach was the only one I ever past alone with him. The Concern I saw him in, made some tender Impressions on my Soul, and I grew to like him more than I wished. The Hours passed on very pleasingly, and he continued his Regard, till some Evenings ere I left *London*, instead of his Visits, I received a Letter or two of Excuses for Absence. These, however sincere, did not agree with the Pride and Tenderneſs of my Soul, which was never deeply engaged, and now resolved to appear itself. I considered the Anguish our conversing, though so innocently, gave his Wife, and that he was not blessed with any shining Merit to deserve

serve me. Therefore I left him, and *London*, with but few Sighs.

Oh! my Adorable, say, was this Love, was this like your tender, faithful *Clio*, who has fought you as she would Life, or as the Vulgar would Interest! Who has suffered Absence, Excuses, and appearing Neglect; and still burns with increasing Passion, and must to the last Hour of her Life.

I returned to *Fulham*; but found my young Lover almost Raving; he had made a fine Story from my being at Mr. T—— House, and behaved himself so ill, I could no longer be his Friend. In every Action he discovered his Folly and Meanness. He reproached, he swore, and treated every body near him with the Air of a Tyrant. I could not receive any Company in Quiet for him, which obliged me to think of a Way of removing him, for the whole Family was in an everlasting Storm; therefore, I intreated the People of the House, if they wished to keep me, to give them Warning, which, at last, they did, to my Joy, and my Lady and her Son left the House, where I had been too long a Slave. This Parting enraged Mr. G—,

and still removed him further from my Tendernefs ; but ere long we ceased to be open Enemies, unless Wine sometimes blew up his Resentment. I sometimes went to visit my Lady, but often parted in Anger, when Love broke out into ill Manners. I grew truly weary of this Kind of Life, and resolved, some Way, to free myself from this Tyranny. When Love, more ingenious than I, in Pity, presented me a Cordial, one infinitely sweet to my Soul, and still grateful to my Memory.

Some Friends of mine came to pay me a Visit at *Fulham*, and brought with them a young Gentleman, whose Person was agreeable to my Wishes, though not adorned with those adorable Features, nor shining with your immortal Spirit. He had a peculiar Sweetness in his Form and Manner, which I never found till that Moment. His Face was spread over with Love and Softness. I have often thought him like some rosy Bed, which invites the Traveller to rest. From the Moment I saw him, I was inspired with an uncommon Tendernefs for him, as he was with a respectful Passion for me.

When

When he went I could not forget him, nor be easy till I saw him again. My Thoughts were filled with him, and I found my Soul aching with a pleasing Anguish, which no Diversion could remove. From that Day he began to write me tender Letters, to improve himself in my Heart.

I began to fear I loved, indeed, or something like it, but the sweet Object was more mine than I could wish. His Soul, his Time, his Wishes were devoted to me, and he only lived in beholding me; never were two Hearts more sweetly joined. If they were not raised to the divine Transports I have since tasted, they, in Return, had none of the bitter Anguish of Love, none of those cruel Torments that now sink me to the Earth, and make my Misery outweigh my Joy. He had none of those exalted Views that now tear my divine *Hillarius* from me; but was all Love, and Tenderness, and mine. To the Devotion of his Love, he offered up his Interest, his very Soul, and in return I gave him mine. Never did two Lovers live a more harmonious Life. It was a Kind of Heaven we possessed, our Hearts wore
no

no mean Disguise, but seemed made for one another. But oh receive this divine Truth from my Soul. The Passion that inspired it then, was far below what I now find; it was only a Preparative for the glorious Flame I am now glowing with, which almost extinguishes the Memory of any other. It is Adoration, rather than Love, I now burn with; oh! receive it, sweet Sovereign of my Soul.

With what Transport could I dwell on this Difference, but my Time presses me to return and finish.

My Fate would not let me rest on this happy Shore, where I meant to have finished my Life. But all my Friends combine against me, and press me to exchange my sweet Lover, my darling Books, and all my Blessings for Marriage, whose Chains I ever dreaded.

My Brother assails me with Mr. S—. And Mr. G —, whom I have not mentioned some time, with his Visits and his Clamours helped to make me uneasy, and to push me against this Rock, on which I now lie bound. Fortune presented herself to me, and promised me I should have it in my Power to smile on the Distressed, and to relieve them.

X. Mr. Heywood says that after being some time in the company of Mr. S. he was convinced Cleop's model was and was about to turn her off when her brother, who had been absent for some years, being instructed by his sister, forced him to marry her which from the date of the

them. I had always a Passion for giving, and my Soul had languished under Restraint; this Prospect alone made me venture into this gloomy Part of Life, in whose Shadow I must for ever pine. I had a thousand Agonies of Heart ere I could resolve on this Change, so dreadful to me.

I saw the Person I held most dear on Earth, bound to another; and then fearing ere long to leave me. Had he been free, I own I should have preferred him openly, as my Heart then did in private to all Things. I consulted with him, and found his poor Heart torn between Love and Friendship, he knew not what to advise. My Brother eternally perplexed me about it, who preferred my Interest to the Quiet of my Heart. At last I leaped down this Precipice, nor did I find the Fall so much then. Noise and new Friends drowned the Miseries of it.

My Hurry in this Change of Life a little amused me; my Days were passed in new Diversions. The World courted me, and every thing was gay and pleasing; even Mr. S—, whose Fortune had given Smiles to his Face, and new Complaisance to his Mind. We were seemingly

*book was by 4 the year 1723. when she was X
about 30 years old. after this "The best women
and conversation with the handsomest men are
with her. she wishes and having the absolute
command of her husband, power she wants no
other that she thinks essential to her happiness."*

*in the
Temple
see p. 163.*

ingly happy, or, rather had not Leisure to find ourselves otherwise. These Chambers were never empty, crowded with the Fortunate and Civil. I was treated like a Goddess, and could not turn round without new Adorers. Mr.--- had many Friends, and they all paid their Devotion to me, but religiously I protest without Success. They were forced to live on cold Civility. Amongst the rest, there was one more agreeable to me than the Crowd; his Good-humour and extreme Respect for me, made me distinguish him from the rest. I past a great many pleasant Hours with him; he had Wit, Mirth, and Love.

But I appear, I fear, inconstant, till I return to my melancholy Lover, which I soon did, and endeavoured to console him for my Loss; and from that Time I gave him all my Leisure, which, indeed, was due to his Truth and Passion. Now, my Adorable, I began to live again. Our Tendernefs seemed rather increased by this little Parting. We were as often together, as Prudence and Duty would suffer us: though I had a thousand Amusements offered me, I despised them all, to be with Mr. H--.

Hill?

Almost

Almost every Day presented me that Happiness, which I blessed it for. Never were two Hearts more tender or more faithful ; the Noise and Bustle of the World had made him dearer to me. Oh ! I even then saw there was no Blessing but Love. I possessed this Dream of Happiness a great while ; and what heightened the last Scene of it, was your adorable Letters. I read them with Adoration and Wonder, yet no Inconstancy ; and had the foolish Virtue to resolve never to approach nearer than the Playhouse, while Mr. *H*—— continued in *England*. I looked upon you as a Miracle above my Hopes, and designed rather to be wondered at than possessed. I never before was sensible of Admiration ; it was all reserved for you, the Spirit of all Perfection.

While I was charm'd, or rather happy with my favourite Lover, both Love and Fortune withdrew their Favours for some Time : the gay Prospect of Life set before me began to vanish every Day, and I found myself sink amongst the Crowd ; yet I will affirm for my Soul, it bore it with no ill Grace, nor found a real Pang, but in losing Mr. *H*——,

H—, who was now obliged to leave *England*.

We parted with a thousand Tears on both Sides. Never was Sorrow more sincere, I devoted myself to it, till my Health languished, and Love took Pity on me. I retired into the Country to mourn, which I did sincerely, and was long ere I could receive any Consolation; the first, and only, were your divine Letters, which were glowing with a thousand Beauties. What I had before only wondered at, now began to inflame my Soul, and Love lay in every Line.

*Not Solitude nor Grief could guard my
Heart,
With all its Floods, from the invading Dart.
I sigh'd and languish'd o'er thy charming
Strains,
And felt already Life-consuming Pains.
From Admiration I to Passion pass'd;
Oh God, how short! the Passages how fast!
Oh! how unlike those little Tours I made,
Where I had gaz'd, and smil'd, but never
staid.
From hence, by Heaven, I never will remove,
No Chance, no Time, no Death, shall end
my Love.*

Beneath

*Beneath thy Coldness my poor Life may pine,
But not my Passion, that is all divine,
As the bright Eyes from whence it took
its Shine.*

*Here close my Life, the rest is all thy
own,*

*Its Joys depending on thy Smiles alone,
How long 'twill last, is all to me un-
known.*

*Friday Night, the last Night of my
Life or Happiness; disappointed in see-
ing you.*

Oh! would to Heaven, ever-most-
charming *Hillarius*, would to Heaven
and you, I were here to end my Life;
never was I fonder of resigning it; ne-
ver was I more unable to support it;
your Absence kills me. Oh! I am un-
done without you, and more miserable
than Envy can wish me. I am lost to my-
self, and to the World, nor am I of
much value to you. What would in-
rich another is no Treasure to you;
yet can you not restore it, nor can I take
it back. My Soul is sweetly lost in your
dear Bosom, nor can ever find itself
again; the God that created it, will, I
hope, never divide it from you, whatso-
ever

ever becomes of this miserable Body which loves to Adoration. When it lies down in Dust, sigh your Pity over it; and give it one of those Moments I now languish for; sure I shall be proud in Death, and happy.

I now flatter myself I have not long to live; 'tis the only Thought that affords me Comfort; it is kinder than the absent *Hillarius*, and bids me sweetly hope. Sure there are gentle Slumbers in the Grave, for those that die of Love; I long to dream there of the adored *Hillarius*; his divine Beauties will still glow in every Atom of this poor Body. Never was any Heart so enamoured as this which now sighs for you; oh! have Pity on it the little Time it must stay here; and sometimes give a Tear to this faithful Picture of my Soul. Be tender of its Faults, or rather do not see them; let only the Adoration I have for you appear to shadow every Blemish, or rather to enlighten the whole. Nothing can be more beautiful than my Love, but my divine Lover, who is all perfect.

Oh! my heavenly Lover, I am sad to Death, even whilst I think of your Perfections; think then how miserable I am grown,

Secret Memoirs, &c. 163

grown, and what I still must be without
you; oh! let your sweet Letters pour
Health and Life into my dying Bosom,
if you wish them me; or you will soon
lose in Death, most lovely of Mortals,

Your adoring

Temple,
October, 1723.

CLIO.



Mr Heywood in her Memoirs printed 1725
says that "Gloatitia" (Clio) was then lately
possessed of a child which must be in Mr
Seneca's estate. No it is hard to determine to
which of her Enamorates the little compound
belongs.





A S O N G.

I.

Foolish Eyes, thy Streams give over,
 Wine, not Water, binds the Lover,
 At the Table then be shining,
 Gay Coquet, and all designing.
 To th' addressing Foplings bowing,
 And thy Smile, or Hand, allowing.
 Whine no more thy sacred Passion,
 Out of Nature, out of Fashion.

2.

Let him disappointed find thee,
 False as he, nor dream to bind thee.
 While he breaks all tender Measures,
 Murdering Love, and all its Pleasures.
 Shall a Look or Word deceive thee,
 Which he once an Age will give thee?
 Oh! no more, no more, excuse him,
 Like a dull Deserter use him.

To



To my Soul's only Desire.

I.

OH! that I had no Time to tell
My Passion, or thy Power,
For Oh! I love so very well,
'Tis Death to part an Hour.

2.

In vain my Friends Amusements bring,
Or what they fancy so,
The flowing Glass, and speaking String;
My Soul is fallen too low.

3.

Rais'd high before, by thy sweet Breath,
How steepy is its Fall,
It sinks into the Shades of Death,
Till waken'd by thy Call.



To my Unkind, but ever Charming.

O H ye tender Thoughts that throng
My Soul, and tremble on my
Tongue,

To ador'd *Hillarius* move,
And inflame his Heart with Love.
Oh ! leave him not till you have shown
How miserable I am grown.

Tell him, the Wretch that naked stands,
In the *North's* Blast, or *Africk's* Sands,
Tho' the Heat melts the burning Veins,
Feels not his hapless *Clio's* Pains.
Above all dull Comparisons they grow,
The perfect Extract of all human Woe.



To my Angel, on my Jealousy.

Pardon my tender Jealousies,
That rage when you depart,
They know, when absent from your
Eyes,

The Weakness of my Heart.

How can I wise, sweet Charmer, be,
My Soul and Judgment flies with thee.

Oh what remains to guard my Breast
From those distracting Fears!

I lose my Colour and my Rest,
And drown my Sight in Tears.

Oh of what Service can it be,

Deny'd the Joy of seeing thee!

To



To my Soul's Adoration.

EVERY Blessing Heaven can give,
With my lovely Lover live!

Fortune, as my Heart, be kind
To thy noble thinking Mind!

Fortune, to thy Genius bend,
All thy great Designs attend;

Love already is thy Friend.

In thy charming Face he shines,
In thy Soul-commanding Lines,

On thy Love-inspiring Tongue
Are a Train of *Cupids* hung;

Every Word conveys a Dart,
Through the Ear, into the Heart;

Every Feature gives Desire,

Every Breath blows up the Fire,

Every Motion charms the Sight;

Oh! thou Heav'n of all Delight.

From all coarse Alloy refin'd,

Thy Body is a perfect Mind

I

Ev'ry

Ev'ry bright, transparent Vein,
Surely does a Soul contain;
Mine, at least, is there I'm sure,
From the Transports I endure.
Wonder not if every Part,
My Lips, my Eyes, and heaving Heart,
To thy dear Breast with Transport strain,
To take their Spirit back again.
All my Frame trembles with Delight,
And thy Charms swim before my Sight.
Sweet Extacy from Earth calcin'd,
Oh! heav'nly Transport of the Mind,
Then dull Mortality retires,
Mean Interest, and low Desires,
They all to mighty Love resign,
And leave my burning Wishes thine.
How little and how low appears
All my past Hopes, and mortal Fears,
To the new Heaven that I possess,
In thy exalted Tendernefs!
And by those lovely Arms embrac'd,
I'm far above all Troubles plac'd.
Malice and Envy trembling stand,
Kept distant by thy noble Hand.

All Things grow sacred you protect,
And shining by your Passion deck'd,
Your Passion can a lasting Passport give
To future Times, and make your Favourites
live.



To the adored Hillarius.

WHere will my rising Admiration end!
Oh! to what Heights will my De-
sires ascend!

When will the Time arrive that I shall be,
Oh! Soul of Sweetness, satisfy'd with thee!
Let those dear Lips some soft Relief im-
part,
And bathe the Flames of my dissolving
Heart.

Too eagerly they burn, with lavish Haste,
And as they rise, I feel my Spirits waste;
Beneath my World of Love my Life de-
clines,

But, as it fades, my Passion brighter shines;
I 2 Thy

Thy Absence, to this raging Fever join'd;
Will leave thy *Clio* nothing, but her Mind,
Thy Life-inspiring Arms with Haste restore,
And cheer me with the Beauties I adore.



To my heavenly Charmer.

M^Y poor expecting Heart beats for thy
Breast,

In ev'ry Pulse, and will not let me rest;
A thousand dear Desires are waking there,
Whose Softness will not a Description bear,
Oh! let me pour them to thy lovely Eyes,
And catch their tender Meanings as they
rise.

My ev'ry Feature with my Passion glows
In ev'ry Thought and Look it overflows.
Too noble and too strong for all Disguise,
It rushes from my Love-discov'ring Eyes.
Nor Rules nor Reason can my Love restrain;
Its godlike Tide runs high in ev'ry Vein.

To

To the whole World my Tenderneſs be
known,
What is the World to her, who lives for
thee alone?



To the Charmer of all my Wiſhes.

WHY ſinks my Heart within its little
Cell?

Hillarius loves, and all Things ſhould be
well.

Does not his heav'nly Tongue charm all
thy Fears?

Does not his lovely Lips drink up thy
Tears?

Does not his Eyes with Pity overflow?

Does not his Soul diſſolve to hear thy Woe?

Does not he weep when thy poor Muſe
complains?

Does not he bleſs her tender, trembling
Strains?

And does he not his own sweet Passion tell?
Then chear thy Griefs, and let thy Soul
be well.

What Health, what Life, what Joy for
me remains?

Tho' Fame and Fortune join to chant my
Strains.

If the whole World should languish at my
Feet,

And I were powerful, rich, ador'd and great,
In Heav'n itself my Wishes would repine,
Unless my Soul could call *Hillarius* mine;
Unless my Eyes his Beauties could survey,
And press them to my Soul the live-long
Day.

My Transports then my every Verse should
tell,

And all Things in my Bosom wou'd be well.
Now from my Arms how often is he torn,
And my charm'd Wishes for their Master
mourn!

No Comfort, no Amusement they can take,
But droop and languish for his lovely
Sake.

With

With folded Arms, and Earth-bent-Eyes I
stand,

Nor feel the Pressure of the Lover's Hand.
Lost to the World, and to myself I grow,
And nothing but his thousand Beauties
know.

To Heav'n and Earth my raging Love I
tell,

And ev'ry Eye can read my Soul's unwell;
All meaner Passions from my Mem'ry
flown;

Oh! sweet *Hillarius*, I am all thy own.

Not Nature loves her mighty Maker more,
Who does her Beauties, and her Life restore.
To thee with ardent Fondness I incline,
My Hopes, my Muse, my Hours, my Life
are thine :

No dull Reserves, like vulgar Hearts, I have,
Bounteous as Heav'n I ev'ry Blessing gave,
That all my Actions, Words, and Thoughts
may tell

I love to Death. ——— Oh God ! I love too
well.

Oh! thou who charms my waking Wishes
so,

For whom my Heart thus beats and Eyes
o'erflow,

Let no new Object to thy Soul be dear,
Add not to Absence such a killing Fear;
Let thy dear Memory my Looks retain,
And think o'er all my Tendernefs again.

If any Beauty to thy Sight appears,
Recall my Sighs, and agonizing Fears,
And to the World thy noble Passion tell,
She shall not love in vain, who loves so
well.

When to the Theatre my Conqueror
goes,

The Treafurer of all my Heart's Repose,
Remember my poor Life all trembling lies,
In ev'ry Look of those transporting Eyes;
Oh! let them not on transient Beauty ftay,
Nor deal the Bleffings of my Soul away.

For when I next furvey'd thy heav'nly
Face,

My jealous Eye would mifs the lavish'd
Grace.

For

For I can all thy thousand Beauties tell,
And know the Magazine of Charms too
well.

With heav'nly Wisdom the soft Scenes sur-
vey,

Mind not the gaudy Players, but the Play;
Or if they should thy Admiration call,
To Art and Ornament impute it all.

Think, so adorned, how *Clio* would attract,
Who feels the Passions, which they only act.
And when some noble, very moving Part,
Wakes all the Fondness of thy gen'rous
Heart,

Then let thy Hand which moves with god-
like Grace,

Shadow the sacred Sorrows of thy Face.

Ev'ry sweet Tear the God of Love will
bring,

My Lips shall sip them from his dewy
Wing.

Oh! how my Heart will joy when he shall
tell

Its soft Desires, my Charmer loves so
well.

Oh! most lovely, most beloved *Hillarius*,
say, in what Manner shall I approach the
Charmer of my Soul? what tender Titles
shall I use to kindle up thy Flame and
make it bright as mine? Oh! let me go
back to all I have said that's dear and mov-
ing, let me collect all my Sighs and Tears,
and pour them out again upon thy Bosom.
Oh! let my Eyes remember every Look,
that had the Blessing to express my Love,
or to inspire thine. Let sweet Sincerity and
artless Passion flow from my Tongue, and
shine upon my Face; for there are Charms
in Truth which Falshood cannot wear, and
Art is but a Shadow of its godlike Beauty.

How sweet, how soft, how noble, and
how bright
Is perfect Love? how lovely to the Sight?
Contentment lies upon its faithful Breast,
And charms its tender Wishes into Rest,
How ardent, yet how modest is the Fire
Of a respectful Love, unstain'd with rude
Desire!

How

How faithful and how humble it appears!
How musical its Sighs! how sweet its Tears!
How tenderly in Absence it complains,
And trembling breathes its Heart-distract-
ing Pains !

In Silence mourns, or else with Fear im-
plores,

Dreading to grieve the Bosom it adores.

The noisy World it all regardless flies,
And seeks the Grove with melancholy Eyes.
From Friends, and Fame, and Fortune it re-
tires,

To breathe to the cold Floods its fond De-
sires.

Dead to all Joy it lies with folded Arms,
Conversing with the Mem'ry of thy Charms;
Repeating all thy matchless Beauties o'er,
Fanning the Flames that rag'd too high
before.

This is a Picture of a Love refin'd,
Drawn from the noble Passion of my Mind.

Full



*Full of divine Hillarius, and killing
Jealousy.*

OH divine *Hillarius*, what Ages of Pain have I suffered since I last saw you ! The Fear of losing you has made me poor, old, and miserable. I cannot look forward to any Happiness without you, who are the End and Business of all my Desires.

Could I be so mean to imagine there could be a Transport on Earth, but in your Bosom, I should hate my Dullness; rather let me still possess my discerning Misery, which is just to your Beauties, and knows you are the Master of all Perfection, the most perfect Resemblance of Heaven; your Wisdom, your Sweetness, your Modesty, your Loveliness, (oh! would to God I could say your Truth!) all convince me there is nothing but *Hillarius*.

The

The World cannot give me another Blessing, nor Heav'n itself make me happy without this ; never will I descend from your Brightness to dull Mortality, but preserve amidst all the Agonies of Disappointments and Absence, the Memory of the adored *Hillarius*.

To live and die yours will be the only Pride of my Soul, which I will bear with me after Death. My Bosom is so sweetly inflamed, the Grave cannot chill its Passion ; I shall even there languish for my adored *Hillarius*, my Heart cannot part with his sweet Image.

Oh ! to adore thee but a few short Years,
To my unbounded Flame too mean appears.
To all Eternity I must be thine,
Nor Death shall interrupt my grand Design.
Let the World languish, and its Sun ex-
pire,
The Moon dissolve in Tears, and Stars
retire,
Still shall my Soul retain its more im-
mortal Fire.

F R I-



FRIDAY EVENING,

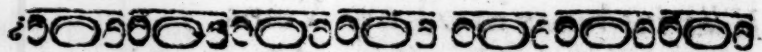
Heaven blefs it for giving me adored Hillarius.

Sweet Inchanter of my Thought,
Hear the Wonders thou hast wrought;
Hear thy godlike Power confest,
And see thy Triumphs in my Breast.
Gay and light and unconfin'd
Were once the Wishes of my Mind;
No real Passion it sustain'd,
Not truly pleas'd, nor truly pain'd;
My airy Muse, like me, was wild,
And there she sung, and here she smil'd.
To Love and Tenderness unknown,
Thy Eyes converted has alone,
And to my Soul a Softness gave,
Which made, and keeps it still thy Slave.
No other Flame it entertains,
No other Name adorns my Strains.
My Songs, my Life, my Soul, my Arms,
Are all devoted to thy Charms.

In

In my Blood thy Beauty reigns,
Hillarius beats in all my Veins.
From the low World my Heart retires
To talk to its own fond Desires,
Unheeding what is said or done,
Musick, and Mirth, and Wit I shun;
And whatsoe'er the Subject be
That others choose, I speak of thee.
My Lips turn pale with angry Shame,
If they are forc'd from thy dear Name;
Charm'd with the Sound, I cannot part
With the sweet Letters, for my Heart.
By Love I swear, I love thee so,
That I could Flattery forgo.
For I'm so nobly and so wholly thine,
Thy Praise is sweeter to my Ear than mine.
If wisely any Tongue would flatter me,
Let it address my Soul with praising thee.





To my Heaven, Hillarius.

LET my warm Heart its heav'nly
Charmer bless,
And pour out something of its Love's Ex-
cess.

Fed by thy Beauty's everlasting Flow,
My deathless Fondness can no Ebbing know.
Could I express what now I feel for thee,
'Twere like a Drop from the high-swelling
Sea.

A thousand soft Desires would fill its Place,
One Touch of thine, or Look from that
dear Face ;
One soft Embrace from all that I adore,
Would swell my Soul and make its Tide
run o'er.



To the Godlike Hillarius.

MY Life is treasur'd in thy Eyes,
 And absent from thee *Clio* dies,
 No Joy then visits my sad Heart,
 There Mem'ry racks with cruel Art,
 And all thy Beauties I survey,
 And sigh my very Soul away.
 What tender Wishes fill my Breast,
 Which sweetly steal away my Rest!
 But, oh ! thy very Shadow grows
 Dearer to me than all Repose ;
 And Misery which flows from thee,
 Or, even Death would lovely be.
 For oh ! a noble Pride I take
 In being wretched for thy Sake.
 Thou art all Heaven to my Thought,
 And cannot be too dearly bought.

On



*On the Fear of losing all that is lovely
and dear to me.*

L Et me employ each Love-devoted Leaf
To sacred Passion, or approaching
Grief,
Say fable Shades where folds your shadowy
Wings,
That I may dip my Pen while Sorrow sings.
No joyous Hours my sad Reflection wrong,
No impious Mirth prophane my solemn
Song;
Of Love and painful Absence let me speak,
Broken my Voice, and pale my dying
Cheek ;
My Hair to every furious Wind unbound,
Mourning for thee, and scatter'd on the
Ground.
No more let my proud Hand its Beauties
bless,
Let it thy Absence and my Flame confess,
The

The Locks once honour'd by thy sacred
Care,

No mean Design, no common Praise can
bear.

Nor shall my Fingers condescend to play,
When my Soul's heav'nly Mover is away;
Or if they do, thy Absence they shall mourn,
And pierce the Hearers with my deep Con-
cern;

Their corresponding Tears with mine shall
flow,

And sacrifice to thee obedient Woe.

My Friends, my Lyre, thy Empire shall
confess,

And all Things weep with *Clio's* Tenderneſs.
The God of Love shall to his Favourite tell
None ever lov'd so long, none lov'd so well;
Of all my Words he shall Accountant be,
And pierce my Soul again, when it loves
ought but thee.

If e'er my Eyes, or Lips, or Hands impart
Any kind Message from my faithful Heart,
May I, oh! dreadful Wish, thy Passion lose,
And angry Heav'n my parting Breath re-
fuse.

To



To my overflowing Heart.

POOOR Bankrupt Heart, canst thou do
nothing more,
To shew thy Flame, than others have be-
fore?

When mine, be Witness Heaven, is greater
far

Than any past, or all the present are ;
So fierce, so lasting, and so tender too,
No History can show, no Lover knew.
For sure no Lover e'er could charm like
thee,

And none was ever charm'd so much as
me.

Oh ! can I, but with dying Eyes, confess
When thou art near, my mighty Tender-
ness!

Can I but tremble at thy sacred Feet,
And fault'ring cry, oh ! heav'nly, dear and
sweet ;

While

While Extacies too high to be exprest,
Charm ev'ry Sense, and labour in my Breast.
Why has my Eyes no Language to impart
The soft Desires of my imploring Heart?
Why has my Lips no Eloquence to move,
Why dumb and pale when they should
plead for Love?

There, lovely Charmers, all the Roses keep,
And sure they bloom the more, the more I
weep,

And would in all their native Colour lie,
Tho' Death should still my Voice and close
my Eye.

For oh! they know not that I love so well,
How should they know, what I can never
tell?

Charm'd with the Sweets of ev'ry heav'nly
Touch,

I can but fainting say, I love too much.

Oh God! from whence this deathless Pas-
sion sprung,

Give soft Perswasion to my trembling
Tongue ;

On ev'ry Feature Eloquence bestow,
Let my Eyes sparkle with my Passion's Glow.

Let

190 *Secret Memoirs, &c.*

Let ev'ry tender Thought be there exprest,
And dart itself into his lovely Breast,
Till all its cruel Coldness it resign,
And burns, and loves, and languishes like
mine.

Let me for Love, sweet Heav'n, do some-
thing more,
Than ever any Mortal did before.



To the all-lovely Hillarius.

OH! let the Fulness of this Book im-
part
A little Emblem of my crowded Heart ;
Where thy immortal Beauties press as near,
As Love has plac'd the tender Letters here,
'Tis all writ o'er by thy transporting Eyes,
No Blank appears, all full of thee it lies.
There is no Room for any other Name,
Nobly employ'd in one superior Flame.

To

十

To the all-conquering Hillarius.

ALL Time, my Adorable, appears lost but this, divinely employed on my Love. I should be more than blest could I paint its Beauties to you ; then should I hear those heav'nly Lips confess, none knows of Love but *Clio*, whose Passion grows every Hour more immortal. I can think of nothing but the enchanting *Hillarius* ; all my Senses are yours, and my Life itself only of your allowing. Would it were happy enough to bless you ! would it were passed with you, my Angel, and I should ask no other Heaven ! how should I be eternally adoring you to my last Moment ! Oh I am more than assured by Love himself, that if any thing could increase my Passion, it would be to be always with you ; there is a Million of your Beauties not discerned at this Distance ; yet I see enough
to

to inflave me for ever, to keep my Soul in
perpetual Adoration.

Be witness ye sad Hours that creep along,
That hear my beating Heart, and tender
Song,

If any but his ever-sacred Name,
Can give my Muse or Love-sick Measures
Flame ;

If any little Conquest I have wrought
Ever returns to my innobled Thought.
My Life I only date from that sweet Hour,
When I gave up its Freedom to thy Pow'r.



*To the inhuman World.*

OH! cruel World, what Sacrifice I make,
When I resign all Treasure for thy
Sake?

When to thy dull Demands my Soul I give,
And that dear Breast, in which my Wishes
live?

Will ye not, in Return, my World resign,
And let my Charmer be entirely mine?

Ungentle Business, let us make a Truce;
Oh! break not on my Joys with an Excuse;
Call not *Hillarius* from my longing Breast!
Of human Kind I yield thee all the rest;
The Warrior and the Statesman take to thee,
But leave the Conqueror of Hearts to me,
The God of Love will soft Employment find,
And these fond Arms shall the sweet Pris'-
ner bind.

Ah! set him once from thy hard Fetters
free,
And Love will leave no Time to think of
thee.

K

On

*On the sad Thought of Parting.*

Scarce can my Soul the killing Fear
sustain,
Of the sad Death its Joys must quickly
die,
The Days and Nights of never-ceasing
Pain,
When absent from thy Life-inspiring
Eye,
When smiling Hope which soft Relief be-
stows,
Will leave me to the Deluge of my Woes.
Methinks I feel like the lost lavish Heir,
Who sees the last of his declining Store,
And ev'ry Morning wakes to new Despair,
And starts at the sad Thought of be-
ing poor.
But ah ! the Simile is far below
The noble Misery I undergoe.

To

To some new Scene the Bankrupt may remove,

And court again the Favour of his Fate,
But all my Treasure is in tender Love,
Spring of my Life, and my Soul's sole
Estate,

Without thee I should languish on a Throne,
And, crowded by the World, be still alone.

Oh sweet Companion ! finish'd to my
Mind,

Ev'ry Perfection in thy Person shines,
Wife as a God, as melting Mercy kind,
Sweet in thy Looks, transporting in
thy Lines.

Oh ! Soul of Beauty, Nature wond'ring
stands

At her great Work, and blesses her own
Hands.

Happy for me if I had ne'er survey'd

The fatal Treasurer of all her Charms,

Insensible this Bosom might have laid,

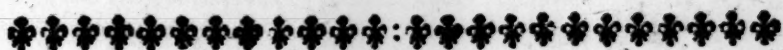
Dully contented in cold lawful Arms,

Nor dream'd, encharm'd by those dear Eyes
of thine,
Of heav'nly Riches that can ne'er be mine.

The happy Villager contented seems,
To all the fine Desires of Life unknown,
He unrepining drinks the cooling Streams,
Talks to the Groves, nor knows he is
alone.

But thou, alas ! art Nectar to my Heart,
And I must sink in Death, whene'er we
part.





To my adorable Hillarius.

SEE how the hasty Paper slides away,
 And yet my Soul has ev'ry thing to say,
 Full of thy flowing Beauties I remain,
 And strive to breathe my soft Desires in vain;
 Still some new Charm breaks in upon my
 Mind,

And stops the tender Closure I design'd.

What way shall I escape thy Excellence;
 Oh ! lovely Conqueror of ev'ry Sense !
 Blindness itself would be a weak Defence. }

'T wou'd leave my Hearing to attend thee
 more,

And show some Grace I had not found be-
 fore

In thy dear Voice, whence ev'ry Sweet-
 ness flows,

And gently steals away the Soul's Repose.

How have I blest the ever-charming Sound!

How have I list'ned till my Feet were
 bound !

How have I wonder'd at the Moments
flight,

And unperceiv'd lost half the flying Night!
Ev'ry sweet Accent with such Pow'r is
fraught,

That it pours Heaven itself upon the
Thought.

We die away, but know not by what Grace,
If by the Voice, or Shape, or killing Face;
To what Perfection are thy Features form'd!
With what angelic Glow their Sweetness
warm'd!

The sparkling Soul, whose Lustre I adore,
Breaking like new-born Day thro' ev'ry
Pore,

When to the Earth thy lovely Eyes are bent,
Their Brightness veil'd with tender Dis-
content,

How soft their Langour, how divinely sweet,
When my Tears pour themselves before thy
Feet!

When some kind Fear by tender Passion
wrought,
Folds thy dear Arms, and dashes o'er thy
Thought,

Who

Who can the Beauties of thy Fondness
paint,

Thy lovely Sadness, and thy dear Com-
plaint.

The Lute is not with Half thy Softness
crown'd,

When it awakes the sleeping Ecchoes round,
The bubbling Springs that lull the love-
sick Swain,

May learn of thee new Music to complain.

Ev'n Grief is hush'd by gazing on thy Eyes,
And furious Anger all enamour'd dies.

While I behold thee, I forget to grieve,
Nor my approaching Misery perceive.

All I have suffer'd, all I must sustain,
Clasp'd in thy Arms, attack my Breast in
vain.

But oh! when from these Transports I de-
scend,

How many Deaths will the vast Fall attend!
When from the Summer of thy Sight I part,
What Floods of Grief will break upon my
Heart!

Pale Fear presents them to my trembling
View,

What, my sweet parting Treasure, shall I do?
Thy Resolution on my Griefs bestow,
While I implore thee, they outrageous grow.
Oh my best Life, while Love and Time al-
lows,

Confirm my Soul with thy inspiring Vows;
Such heav'nly Comfort to my Wishes give,
That I the Pangs of Parting may outlive;
Say, nothing shall thy Tenderness remove,
Thy well establish'd, thy increasing Love.
To godlike Truth the softest Flattery join,
And swear thou wilt beyond the Grave be
mine;

Then let a Tear these sweet Expressions seal:
Balm to my Mind, how thou can'st pain or
heal?

Now force me from thy Bosom, for I know,
Nor Love, nor Life, will suffer me to go.
Part with my Eyes after this last Embrace,
Their Strings are fasten'd to thy lovely Face,
Oh quick my pale and dying Lips resign,
Or my charm'd Soul will breath itself to
thine.

See

See how my struggling Arms inchain thee
fast?

Can Life these bitter Agonies outlast!

Oh! no, I feel the brittle Blast decline;

Now, cruel Duty, this cold Clay is thine.

I have faintly essayed, oh divine *Hillarius*, to paint the Pangs of Parting; but sure it is impossible; even the Fear of it cannot be expressed, how terrible then must be the Reality! Oh shade me from these Thoughts which oppress me to Death. How happy are you, adored *Hillarius*, whose Business defends you from them, or whose Mind refuses these tender Impressions! I see it does, I remark your Easiness, and know you can live in Absence; it is possible you can be happy, even in the long Absence of Death. When I recall my everlasting Disappointments, I am more than sure of this, and would, if possible, restrain the Fondness of my Soul; but too, too late, it has overflowed in this little Book, and
must

must do so till Death ; all my Passions flow
down this immortal Stream, and bear even
Life along with them.

Adieu *Hillarius*, lovely, sweet and wise,
Take this fond Offring of my flowing
Eyes,

And read with Rev'rence what my Soul
has writ,

Where Love and Truth atones the Loss of
Wit.

Above its little Flashes I became,
I nobly trusted to my ardent Flame,
And courted thy sweet Wishes more than
Fame. }

With ease I could have charm'd the Rea-
der's Ear,

But was not dull enough to study here.

Let the unwounded, and the Heart at rest,
Seek vain Applause, but I am too unblest.

When my ador'd *Hillarius* is unkind,

Let not the Bay, but mournful Cypress
bind,

To

To Mirth and rosy Chaplets ah! Farewel,
No more I will aspire, no more excell,
The Pains of Absence I will only tell.

When my poor Muse and I together mourn,
And move the God of Midnight with Concern,

Do thou *Hillarius* from thy Friends depart,
And read the Anguish of my breaking
Heart.

If Sickness should arrest my tender Lays,
Do thou imagine all my Passion says,
Let thy kind Fancy bear thee to my Bed,
To charm my Pulse, or bind my burning
Head.

Our meeting Souls will some soft Way
contrive

To keep the Fervour of our Flames alive.
But I forget, alas! thou art unkind,
Let Death and Cypress my cold Temples
bind.

Love is a Vapour quickly disappears,
And leaves the Soul in Solitude and Tears;
To the cold Tomb it leads the short-liv'd
Days,

Consumes the Life, and on the Spirit preys.

Oh,

Oh, faithless Guide, I perish by thy Hand,
 My Glass now drops the last remaining
 Sand;
 The God of Love now swims before my
 Eyes,
 And in my Breast his Dart all broken lies.



My Last Will. To the immortal Hillarius.

IF she can dye, made glorious by thy
 Praise,
 Hear what her Heart in Death's cold Ague
 says.

Thy Image on her tender Mem'ry glows,
 And in the Shade of Death a Warmth be-
 stows.

Oh! dearer to me than the Life that stays,
 To yield thee, sweet Executor, my Lays,
 My Soul will not retire till it has given
 Itself once more to thee; thou sure art
 Heav'n;

Or

Or wilt preserve for it that happy Place,
And make it worthy of its God's Embrace.

A thousand noble Ways you may improve,
But cannot add to its immortal Love.

To thy sweet Memory my Joys I give,
The tender Hours when I did more than
live.

Let them not from thy gentle Mem'ry go,
By other Objects, or Time's restless flow,
My Sighs and Tears now for thy Sorrow
keep,

Sigh o'er my Sighs, let thy own calmly
sleep;

For oh! I love so well, I would not be
Rais'd to new Life, with any Pain to thee.

Oh! if you sorrow, let it not be much,
Pain not my Ashes, which thy Tears would
touch,

Nor hasten to me, let my Passion wait,
No Hour at Death's cold Mansion is too late.

When Age has gazed thy shining Beauties
o'er,

And ravish'd some from the luxuriant Store,
Then

Then let it give thee to my faithful Arms,
And blefs my Grave with thy remaining
Charms.

Till then let Heav'n my lovely Lover blefs,
Health to his Mind and more than wish'd
Success;

Such Friends, whose Services and Love may
be

Enough to recompence the Loss of me.

But lest this heav'nly Cordial may decline,
Let me present thy Soul with one of mine;
Next to thyself most noble and sincere,
† The second Jewel in my Journey here.

Oh! let me recommend him to thy Care,
To soften Pains, and make Misfortunes fair.
Can I a nobler Character impart?

Oh place this Blessing in thy godlike Heart!
He knew my Passion, and he sweetly knew
To keep its Brightness, yet to sooth it too;
His Youth and undefining Breast defend,
And wear to Death itself this valued Friend.

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† Mr. John D--r.

No

No more, what have I else intitled mine,
My Life, my Soul, my Muse, my Friend,
are thine.

To thee I make my only Treasures o'er,
Yet if you grieve, am richer than before.

F I N I S.



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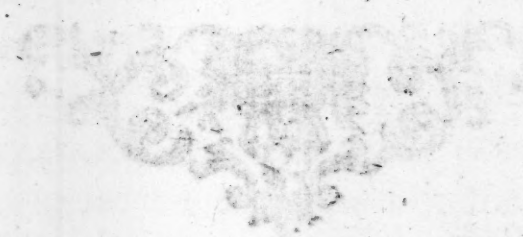
Great Britain, 1802

No more, what have I left behind mine,
My life, my soul, my name, my friend,
and mine.

To God I make my solemn vow,
Yet if you give me more than below,



W I L I A M



✓
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